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RELIGION.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Children of men! the unseen Power, whose eye
Forever doth accompany mankind,
Hath looked on no religion scornfully
That men did ever find.

Which has not taught weak wills how much they can?
Which has not fallen on the dry heart like rain?
Which has not cried to sunk, self-weary man:
"Thou must be born again!"

Children of men! not that your age excel
In pride of life the ages of your sires,
But that ye think clear, feel deep, bear fruit well,
The Friend of man desires.

BROUGHT TO BAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARJORY DAW," "HIS WEDDED WIFE," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

IT WAS what is known as a "liars" night at the Opera. The great house was crammed from floor to ceiling. A State ball was to be held the same night, and the majority of the occupants of the stalls and boxes had come in all their finery to listen to the marvellous music of "Die Meistersinger" before wending their way to the Palace and the presence of Royalty. The effect to those looking down from the higher parts of the theatre must have been something like that produced by looking down upon a garden of delicate multi-colored flowers on the petals of which scintillating dew-drops were thickly sprinkled. But in the case of these hundreds of human flowers the flashes and sparks of light were emitted not by drops of water, but by a magnificent profusion of gems, world-famed diamonds, blood-red rubies, emeralds and sapphires, set in coronet, necklace, or bracelet, on almost every woman's head, throat and wrist.

It was a sultry July night. The day had died away lingeringly, as though it were loath to go. Far away in the country the twilight would have been delightful; there would have been a touch of freshness and coolness mingling with the scent of roses in the faint night-air. But in the heart of the great city there was not even the gentlest of breezes—nothing to temper the sultry heat that an almost tropical summer day had left behind. The atmosphere inside the Opera-house was well-nigh insupportable; yet it was borne with equanimity, almost indifference, by the fashionable throng present.

The season had been a good one, full of functions and festivities; money had been lavished freely upon balls and dinners and other entertainments. In another fortnight town would be empty, Piccadilly a desert, the Park a wilderness of vacant chairs.

It was evident however that the season was dying hard despite the unusual heat, despite the real labor that had been the lot of every fashionable leader during the past two months. Tired and jaded though the faces might seem, there was evidently no lack of energy; and the ball of amusement would roll and spin on furiously till the name of Goodwood would sound the knell, and one more season would become a thing of the past.

As the curtain fell upon the second act of the famous opera, with the inimitable and weird watchman's horn echoing through the theatre, a babble of voices arose. Gossip raged, confidences were exchanged, and, on this particular occasion, comment on the latest piece of news took the place of speculation—comment mingled with considerable surprise and not a little excitement.

The principal subject of this discussion was a girl sitting in one of the pit tier of boxes. She was dressed in white and wore no jewels; a nosegay of lilies lay on the ledge before her. She herself looked not unlike one of the delicate white flowers, for she was very slender, fair and pale; but her head, with its wealth of simply dressed soft brown hair, was carried proudly, almost haughtily. Although at scarcely any moment during the evening was she free from scrutiny, she appeared indifferent to the fact.

Occasionally she turned her head to speak to her mother or to acknowledge the entrance of some visitor; but, beyond exchanging the very barest of greetings, Cynthia Denistoun entered into no sort of conversation with any one, but sat leaning back in her chair, gazing indifferently, almost listlessly upon the brilliant scene before her, as though her thoughts were far away. Once, when they were alone for a moment, her mother leaned towards her.

"Cynthia, if you do not care to remain, we can go at once."

The girl started with the air of one awakened from a dream.

"I prefer to remain," he answered wearily; "I am not tired, mamma."

"But your head—does it still ache?" Mrs. Denistoun's gentle face was full of anxiety. "You are very pale, Cynthia."

"Dear mamma, am I not always pale?" she replied. Then, after a pause, she added, "I would rather stay. I have no pain in my head now, thank you, mamma!"

Mrs. Denistoun drew back with a scarcely audible sigh. Her eyes rested with tender love and pride upon her beautiful child; yet there was an expression of pain on her face, and it was a murmur of relief that escaped her lips when she turned to greet another visitor.

"Cynthia, here is your aunt Susan!" she said hurriedly.

Miss Denistoun's delicate brows contracted, then her lip curled in a faint sneer, which vanished however as she moved round and drew her chair back into the shadows of the box.

"How are you, aunt Susan?" she inquired, in the smooth cold way that was characteristic of her.

"My dear Cynthia," exclaimed Lady Montrose, putting out two fat hands impulsively, "my dear child, you cannot think how rejoiced I was to hear the news! I declare I have been quite excited all the day! I can't imagine how you manage to keep so cool! And you too, Helen! You must let me kiss you, my dear! Oh, no one can see us; and, if they do, what does it matter? Every one will understand that I am offering my congratulations." Lady Montrose embraced her niece warmly, though Cynthia's demeanor gave her little encouragement. "Now please tell me all about it," she continued, settling herself comfortably and laughing genially. "I am dying with curiosity! Of course you know you are the great attraction here to-night? Every one is talking about you, Cynthia."

"Every one is very kind," replied Miss Denistoun.

"But do tell me," pursued, Lady Montrose, impervious to her niece's unsympathetic manner—"how did it all come about? Why, we none of us had the least idea you had even met Sir Richard! You have managed to keep your secret very well, Cynthia, my dear!"

"I don't think there has been any secret to keep, aunt Susan; and, as to my engagement, why, it is an ordinary every-day affair! Sir Richard Ludlowe has done me the honor to admire me and desires to make me his wife. I have consented—voila tout."

"Well, all I can say, my dear, is that I congratulate you with all my heart! You have brought your eggs to a magnificent market! Good heavens, mistress of Carno Court and wife of a millionaire! I only hope my Lucy may have a quarter of your luck!"

Mrs. Denistoun, watching her daughter's face and noting the expression on it, broke in quickly upon her sister's conversation.

"Does Lucy go to the ball, Susan?" she asked.

"Of course! She is up in the Leiths' box. You can't see her because she is just over your head. She looks well to-night, I think," Lady Montrose added, with maternal complacency; and then her eyes turned to her niece's slender form with an admiration that was not devoid of envy. "That is a very pretty gown, Cynthia. Of course you will be married as quickly as possible. What have you to wait for? You will let the wedding be from my house."

And Lady Montrose's face beamed with joyful anticipation.

She loved nothing so much as managing and arranging things—marriages in particular. She would naturally have preferred that the present occasion had been associated with her own child; but she quickly assured herself that, next to her Lucy, there was no one for whom she would more willingly occupy herself in such a fashion than for her beautiful niece Cynthia Denistoun. Lady Montrose was perfectly sincere in so thinking at this juncture of affairs, despite the fact that she had hitherto successfully managed to ignore her beautiful niece's existence. She entered into the matter now with keen delight. Her splendid jewels flashed and sparkled as she nodded her head and gesticulated excitedly.

Cynthia sat very silent; the slight sneer had again curved her upper lip; she made no effort to check her aunt's voluble tongue. There was a great bitterness in the girl's heart, an anger which she had the wisdom to let burn unknown; and yet she was conscious of an intense feeling of satisfaction, a sense of triumph that had something of fierceness in it.

"There is an end at last and for ever to our miserable position!" she said to herself passionately. "We can no longer be snubbed and patronized and tolerated as poor relations! It is my day now! Already aunt Susan recognizes me as an equal! Her memory is convenient and most sensible. I am her 'dear Cynthia;' and she will be most careful to let the world know what a fond aunt she is to the future wife of Sir Richard Ludlowe. How I could hate her, and all the rest, too, if I did not despise them so much!"

She turned her eyes abruptly upon her mother, who sat nervous yet flushed with pleasure at her sister's unexpected warmth and affectionate interest.

"Poor mamma!" the girl said softly to herself; and her lips contracted with sudden pain as a memory of the past rose before her—a time not many months past, when that gentle delicate mother had lain dangerously ill in their modest little home, and her sister, Lady Montrose, had not even shown the common courtesy of calling to inquire after the invalid or of leaving a few flowers at the door to mark her regret and sympathy. "Yet now," Cynthia mused bitterly, "the big house in Belgrave Square and everything she possess is mine! So much for the power of money! Ah, I have done well—yes, exceedingly well! How could I ever have hesitated? What joy in the world could compare with the satisfaction I shall experience now?" Her thoughts brought a flush to her pale cheeks; her slender hands trembled, her gray eyes flashed, and there was a smile of triumph on her lips. "Yes, I have done well. I shall never regret it—never!" she reflected firmly, with the air of one who gives a final decision.

The door opened, and she had to rouse herself from her thoughts as other visitors came in. Lady Montrose was in high spirits; Mrs. Denistoun was quite thrust into the background by her more important sister.

Congratulations poured in upon Cynthia, but she received them all with her quiet cold air of self-possession. The fact of her sudden social elevation, the knowledge that she was the cause of envy and disappointment in many a mother's heart, the eagerness with which the fashionable world rushed to pay homage to her in her changed position, called up all the pride and hauteur of her proud and selfish nature.

There was no doubt that the news of the engagement of Sir Richard Ludlowe, the man of millions, and the poor Miss Denistoun was not easily credited at first. The matter was discussed ad nauseam.

"But I thought Sir Richard was a most determined widower!" cried one well-known society woman, while she directed her opera-glasses towards Cynthia's pale beautiful face and studied it carefully. "Who would have imagined he would be caught by that girl? She is pretty, of course, and displays good style—she could hardly do anything else considering poor Denis Denistoun was her father—but what an iceberg she is! Look at her—she has the air of a statue. Really she makes me shiver!"

"She deserves your grateful thanks, then, surely," observed the lady's cavalier good-naturedly, "for certainly anything or anybody even approaching coolness in this atmosphere is not to be despised!"

The lady continued to examine Miss Denistoun carefully.

"They are in Sir Richard's box, of course. What chances some people have! Yesterday that girl had absolutely no future—a bank-clerk perhaps, or some other middle-class sort of marriage—and now she is the affianced wife of Sir Richard Ludlowe, with his millions and——"

"And his fifty years, to say nothing of his humble antecedents and the existence of a daughter. Miss Denistoun has courage; it is not every girl of nineteen who would choose to become a step-mother so early!"

"Bah—what folly! As if a hundred daughters would matter with such wealth! I expect she will have jewels fit for a queen."

"And they will become her well," returned the gentleman decisively. "She promises to be a regally beautiful woman. Ludlowe is to be congratulated; he has chosen well. I think the luck is as much on his side as on hers."

"I wonder how Susan Montrose likes it! She has done her best to ignore the girl's existence—which is not to be wondered at when one looks at that ugly dowdy little Lucy of hers. I expect she is furious. And how on earth Sir Richard has come across Cynthia Denistoun puzzles me; she goes nowhere. Poor things, I believe they have scarcely had a decent meal to eat for months! Well, her day has come now with a vengeance!"

"Yes—she will make some of you sit up, unless I am much mistaken. By-the-way, I don't see Ludlowe. Surely he should be

in attendance! He is a man I rather admire; there is no 'side' about him, he is so simple and straight-forward. By Jove, after all, he has something to be proud of when he looks back on his career! He began life, you know, with the proverbial sixpence."

"He will not be here to-night—so some one told me just now—he has gone to Carno Court. I suppose the wedding will take place immediately, and he is doubtless making all necessary preparations."

"I wonder how the daughter will like the marriage? She will be only human if she objects to have to share her future wealth with another — possibly several others."

"Oh, she is a child! I don't suppose she will trouble her head very much one way or the other. And she may become desperately attached to her step-mother. Girls often have such fits of enthusiasm, and Sir Richard's fiancee is certainly marvellously attractive." Once again the opera glasses were directed towards Cynthia Denistoun. "She does not look happy!" the lady remarked, after another long survey of the girl's loveliness.

"With the knowledge that every eye in the theatre is fixed on her and is discounting her beauty, I should be surprised if she did look happy."

The lady laughed.

"Evidently you are no student of woman's nature," she said drily. "Why, the sensation she has caused to-night must be simply delightful to her! It is a veritable triumph!"

"There is possibly a tender recollection of the past that can never have a place in her future, triumphant though it may be," suggested the cavalier, looking at the girl now with a touch of renewed interest.

"Oh, dear, no! That girl is much too sensible to fall in love. I doubt if she even understands what the meaning of the word is. She is selfishness personified—lovely selfishness, if you will, but none the less selfishness."

And then the orchestra commenced the music of the third act, and the whispers and comments and gossip died away. Lady Montrose took her departure to her own box. She bade a tender farewell to Cynthia, and passed out into the corridor with a rustle and a jingling of jeweled bangles. Just outside the door she came upon a young man whom she greeted genially.

"How are you, George? Where have you been hiding yourself all this time? Why do you never come to see me? We always lunch on Sundays at two, you know. I have expected you many a time. What do you say? You have been working hard? Well, that is a good excuse—so I must forgive you; but don't work too hard—you are not looking well. Good-bye; I must go. The curtain is up. Don't forget! Sunday-luncheon—two o'clock! But come at any time; we shall be delighted—delighted!"

Lady Montrose paused for a moment.

"Why not come next Sunday? You will meet my niece Cynthia—Miss Denistoun, you know—who is just engaged to Sir Richard Ludlowe. Such a splendid match! Dear girl, she is so happy; and she is so charming! You will like her. But there—I must really go!"

George Nugent stood still for a moment and looked after Lady Montrose waddling down the passage. There was no smile on his lips or in his eyes, although the sight of her ladyship's ungainly haste might easily have provoked one. His handsome clean-cut face was very pale and stern. He looked ill, as though he were suffering from some intense physical pain. There was a drawn expression about his mouth.

He paused before knocking at the door of the box that bore Sir Richard Ludlowe's name, and presently entered it. Mrs. Denistoun greeted him with an outstretched hand and an exclamation of pleasure. Cynthia did not move—her eyes were fixed steadily upon the stage—but she knew that he was there. She shivered slightly as he came in, but otherwise there was no sign of weakness or emotion about her. Her lips grew harder and her gray eyes became colder and more determined. George Nugent sat down beside Mrs. Denistoun and looked steadily at the girl's beautiful face. His heart beat wildly with a passion of longing and despairing love, of misery too great to be put into words. How fair she was, how seemingly soft and gentle, yet she had just dealt him the most cruel blow a woman can deal to a man—dealt it coldly and premeditatedly; she had set her foot deliberately upon his heart, she had trodden down the sweet delicate flower of hope and love and faith that had blossomed there for many a month past. Her cruelty had come so swiftly, so unexpectedly, that he felt that even his manhood's strength and courage were lost for the moment; he was crushed beneath his burden of bitter disappointment, of ruined hopes.

Suddenly, as though touched by the reproach of his quiet steady gaze, Cynthia Denistoun turned her head. She acknowledged his presence with her chilling smile and easy grace.

"It is so hot, mamma," she said, rising, "I will sit away from the light for a while."

Mrs. Denistoun commended this decision.

"I am afraid Cynthia will be tired—she has had a headache all day," she said to Mr. Nugent, in her gentle nervous way.

The young man had risen as the girl turned, but Cynthia did not look at him.

"On second thoughts, I will go outside for a moment; it may be cooler there. Will you accompany me, Mr. Nugent?"

He bowed and held the door open for her. The corridor was deserted; even the attendants were out of sight. Miss Denistoun walked past the young man with the same cold proud bearing that had characterized her all the evening. When the door was shut and they were alone, she turned to him swiftly.

"You received my letter? Why are you here? Why have you disobeyed me?"

George Nugent's face was white to the lips. He could not speak for a moment, and, when he did, his voice was almost hoarse.

"I came because I could not believe that that letter was written by you of your own free will. I came to learn the truth from your own lips, and to tell you in a few plain words what it is that you have done."

Cynthia leaned against the wall, and he stood close beside her. She could see his strong hands tremble. He had no need to speak of his suffering; it was written legibly in every line of his handsome haggard face, it was revealed in the depths of his unhappy eyes. She looked away from him.

"Why have you come?" she asked him again sharply, her own heart beating quickly now, but more with anger than remorse. "Was not my letter clear enough? What more is there you want to know? Did I forget anything? I thought I had written it all—all!"

George Nugent put his hand upon her slender wrist.

"Do you know what you have done, Cynthia?" he said almost roughly. "You have crushed me; you have broken my heart; you have almost killed me! I would far sooner you had slain me outright than have caused me the torture I have endured this day! How could you be so cruel? Oh, Cynthia, how could you do this horrible, this treacherous thing? You were mine; you gave yourself to me; you promised to be my wife. You took all my love; my very life itself was yours; and now——"

He paused for a moment to recover from his agitation, while she stood waiting motionless, impassive, cold as ice, untouched, unmoved.

"There is nothing I would not have done for you! You have been my one thought, my very life!" he went on, conquering his weakness as well as he could. "Think how we have dreamed and hoped and planned together. Only a short month ago—do you remember?—I told you of my chance, my faint chance of getting a better appointment. We talked it all over. You said you were pleased. With your own lips you spoke of its bringing our future nearer. You——" He broke off suddenly. "Cynthia, I am not reproaching you—oh, my darling, I love you too much! I know the temptation that has been offered to you; I know how you have suffered—all the misery and mortification you have borne so bravely. But you will be true to yourself and to me—will you not, Cynthia? You will be your old brave self once again? It has been hard, very hard, for you, my dearest; but things will be much better now. My luck has changed, Cynthia—good fortune has come to me at last—we can be so happy!"

He was holding her hand now in both his, holding it tenderly, lovingly, as he poured out the pleading of his heart.

Cynthia Denistoun drew her fingers away from his gently but coldly.

"Please do not say any more, George," she said very firmly. "The past is over. I have done what I have done because I could not endure the misery any longer. You blame me, reproach me, say anything you will, but you will not alter me now! Your luck has changed, you say, and so has mine—at last! It has been long in coming—my good fortune—I thought such would never be mine; but now it is here—I hold it in my hand! I can set my foot upon the life I hate—that miserable horrible life, that struggle from morning to night, from night to morning! I am not fit for poverty, George; it would kill me. I—I know you will call me cruel, but I cannot help myself. I would be true to you—indeed I would—but for this. If you had not been poor, like ourselves, matters would have been different; but—" She paused wearily and passed her hand over her eyes with an impatient sigh. "Oh, why did you come!" she went on, her voice strained and very tired. "You see you have done no good. You have, instead, given us both great pain—unnecessary pain. I tried to avoid this. I hoped you would have understood everything."

She broke off with another impatient sigh. Her hands were locked together a little nervously; she did not look up at him, she did not care to meet his eyes or to note the havoc her selfishness had worked in so short a time on his frank, honest, handsome face. She had done her best to prevent this scene. Having made her decision, nothing would alter her. She had thought very little of the effect this decision would have on him, and she was annoyed and angry at having such a disagreeable matter in this the very birth-moment of her wonderful good fortune.

"If you really cared for me," she went on bitterly, "you would show me some consideration. Instead of reproaching me, you would rejoice at the chance that has come to me so unexpectedly, you would be glad for my sake what has always been denied me is mine at last; but you do not care—you think nothing about me—you think only of yourself! Oh, you are selfish, George!" she went on, casting her bitter words at him recklessly, with angry defiance. "You ask me to do too much—you ask me to give up all I care for most in the world; and you offer me what in return? The old, old struggle, the waiting and striving and hoping for something that will never come, meanwhile growing ugly and old with despair! I am to turn my back on comfort, luxury and happiness, and take up again the sort of life I have lived ever since I can remember! Oh, you ask too much! You are selfish—yes, most selfish! You know how I hate poverty, you know what miseries I have endured, you know that a little more of this would have killed me; and yet——" She stopped again. Her face was changed; it was flushed with anger and bitterness.

She was supremely beautiful with the red glow on her cheeks and the passionate fire in her eyes; but for George Nugent her face no longer possessed any beauty. He stood leaning with one hand against the wall, as though he were not strong enough to stand alone. He was dazed, overwhelmed by the horrible change that had come over his life so swiftly, so unexpectedly.

Up to the previous day the word "Cynthia" had spelt "heaven" to him; it saved his spirit from depression and disappointment, and spurred his courage when it flagged. The warm hot flood of sunlight at noon was not stronger, more glorious to the world than the flame of this man's love was to his hard-working every day life. He toiled from morning to night for Cynthia's sake; he yearned for wealth, success, power, prominence, to give all to Cynthia. He had never troubled about his poverty for himself, and had never railed against his fate until love came to him—love that was so great, so all-conquering.

He had suffered bitterly when he had been forced to stand by and see this pale, proud, beautiful girl struggling day by day and hour by hour with the miseries, the inexorable troubles of poverty. George Nugent had put forth all his strength to win a place for her that should never know the chilly winds of hardship, the nipping frosts of necessity. For this he had worked and hoped and schemed and lived; and his joy had been in the knowledge that Cynthia loved him in return, that she trusted him and had faith in him. Over and over again she said to him passionately, "You are all I have; but for you I should die, George. You give me hope, you help me to live, you promise me there should be a bright future; you do not promise what you cannot fulfil. Do not leave me, George; be true to me always, for, if you forsake me I shall die!" And now it was she who had forsaken him—she who had turned from him, shutting her eyes to his hard struggles, his hopes, his slow-coming success, shutting her ears to the voice of his love, turning from him coldly and deliberately.

It was no wonder that George Nugent faltered and grew weak in the moment of realizing such a terrible, well-nigh incomprehensible sorrow. He would sooner have doubted his own love than doubt Cynthia. He knew she was not perfect, he was familiar with all her faults; but his heart was so generous, his love so tender, that he had persuaded himself by slow degrees to believe these faults did not really exist. It was her hard hopeless life that was to blame for everything. Let her but step out of the shadows of privation into the sunshine of happiness, and no one would be sweeter or nobler than Cynthia. So he had whispered to himself. The blow she had dealt him and his future was not more horrible than was the sight of her selfish nature, stripped by her own hand of all the beauties with which his love had endowed it and laid bare before him in its true sordid unloveliness. Her peevish ungenerous words of reproach stung him to the quick; his pale face flushed, a sudden revulsion of feeling came over him, his courage and pride rushed back to his heart. He turned his head from her, glad for the first time since she had come into his life to turn away his eyes from her. Her beauty was dead to him, her charm gone, her power vanquished. She had killed them with her own hands.

The voice of the great Polish tenor rang out clearly. The scent of the girl's lilies stole faintly up to him on the air. The joy and consolation of music, the fragrance of flowers, the poetry of life were utterly forced out of George Nugent's life in this moment of disappointment and bitter pain. He roused himself at last and broke the silence.

"I owe you an apology for having disobeyed your wish," he said, speaking quietly and with no agitation; "but rest assured you will never be troubled by me again. Had I known what I know now, I would have gone to the uttermost parts of the earth rather than force myself upon you; it was a mistake—just as I see now so plainly that it has all been a mistake. Well, we must all learn wisdom by experience, and this day's experience has taught me a lesson for the rest of my life, a lesson I shall never forget!"

Had Cynthia's heart been aught but what it was, the hard laugh that followed his words must have brought a rush of tears to her eyes.

"After all, there is not much harm done, he went on; "our secret was ours alone, the world was not taken into our confidence. The story of my foolish hopes and dreams and wasted faith will hurt no one but myself. You were wise in your generation, Cynthia, when you refused to have a settled engagement between us. Had Sir Richard met you as my affianced wife, he would never have placed you where you stand to-night. I compliment you on your forethought; I congratulate you on your success, and—I renounce you!" He turned to her again and looked into her eyes now with absolute contempt. "Yes—I renounce you," he said steadily, "without a single regret! I have the honor to wish you good night and good-bye!"

Without pausing, without a backward glance, he walked away from her swiftly. In another moment he was gone.

Cynthia Denistoun stood looking after him with an incredulous air. The sound of his hard cold voice rang in her ears; the steady gaze of his eyes, with their bitter fire of contempt, remained vividly in her sight. Her heart was beating in a nervous way that was strange to her. Her pride, selfishness, and ambition wavered. The womanhood that lay dormant beneath them was suddenly awakened. She shivered as though a blast of icy wind had entered the corridor. She became ashen-white; her fingers unconsciously closed over her delicate flowers; she suffered acutely. It was the hour of her triumph. Beyond her, separated only by a few yards, was a brilliant throng that was this night at her feet. Admiration, homage, power, wealth greater than her mind had ever pictured, were hers. The past she had hated so much was gone for ever; the future she had anticipated so often in her fancies was come at last. Gold and jewels would strew her path; luxury and magnificence would be her daily lot. It was the hour of her triumph indeed; and yet her triumph was marred.

As she stood gazing after George Nugent, realising slowly, yet surely, that he had gone away from her, gone out of her life for ever, Cynthia Denistoun awoke to a great knowledge. She knew in this moment that that which had never come to

her in the past had come to her now—that, despite her bitter words, her cruel selfishness, her sordid delight, her brilliant future would always have one shadow, one great longing, one ceaseless regret. The very hour that saw her drive him from her side was the hour in which she realized his worth, in which her heart, that had failed to respond to all his sacrifices, all his devotion, all his fidelity, gave birth to a strong, passionate, and jealous love. She had thrust him from her with a cruelty that had been well-nigh brutal; she had done her best to break his heart. A moment before her lips had uttered bitter ungenerous reproaches; but she loved him now as she never before dreamed it was possible that she could love. A chill presentiment ran through her veins as the realization of this strange truth was forced upon her. Away beyond the eager voices of congratulation that rang and would ring loudly around her, her ears caught the sounds of a suffering that would creep like a canker into the very heart of her magnificent new life, of a mental agony as great as, if not greater than that which she had dealt out so ruthlessly to him, of a pain which not all the gold and gems in the world could lessen, a sorrow that would for ever remain unconsoled, for she with her own hands had planted it, she with her own hands had cut adrift the one only influence that could minister to it!

CHAPTER II.

THE staircase at Carno Court was very wide; it rose up from two sides of the entrance-hall and terminated in a gallery above. The hall itself was furnished luxuriously. Rugs were strewn about the dark oaken floor, well-cushioned chairs were placed here and there by small tables, and there was a larger table in a corner fitted with every necessary for writing.

A big quaint-looking couch stretched its length against the wall (it was always placed in front of a blazing fire in winter time), tall bronze figures holding lamps, groups of palms and other huge-leafed plants, and a multitude of small bowls and vases of flowers ranged in artistic and effective fashion on the various tables tended to present a charming ideal of comfort.

The great door was always wide open in summer-time, so that the warm scented air might enter freely. From the staircase one had a delightful glimpse of the gardens and a sweep of velvet lawn, bordered far away in the distance by a belt of magnificent trees and fringed nearer the house with beds full of old-fashioned flowers, in which mignonnette and rose-bushes predominated—roses that grew in luxuriant profusion and waved and nodded a summer greeting to all.

On a hot July afternoon a girl came walking swiftly across the lawn towards the house. She was clad in a white linen gown, which hung in long straight folds about her slender, graceful, youthful figure, and was circled at her waist by a silver belt. She carried a large white umbrella with a green lining; but she had no hat on her dark ruffled hair or gloves on her small sun-tanned hands. She came along in a swift easy way, apparently indifferent to the intense heat prevailed. She looked cool and fresh and exceedingly picturesque; her warm-tinted oval face, lighted up by splendid dark eyes, had a touch of Southern coloring.

She was followed by two dogs, a fox-terrier and a larger broken-haired Irish terrier; both animals however seemed to lack their young mistress's energy, for they lagged behind considerably, and betrayed by their hanging tongues and drooping tails that the sun's rays were, to them at least, not only powerful but exhausting.

As the girl drew near the house, she caught sight of the butler passing through the hall. She called to him in a voice that was singularly clear and charming; and the servant went to the doorway immediately.

"Meadows, I have been down to the bottom of the wilderness and have looked everywhere—I have been there a whole hour—and I can't find Mimi anywhere. What shall I do?"

Meadows, an oldish man with silvered hair, looked at the girl somewhat reproachfully.

"Miss Jane," he said, "you didn't ought to be out skedaddling about in all this heat. It's fair broiling—that it is! You'll get a sunstroke or something of the sort, and then what do you think Sir Richard 'll say?"

Jane Ludlowe laughed and showed her even white teeth.

"I don't call this weather very hot," she said, shutting her umbrella and letting the sun pour down upon her. There were gleams of ruddy gold in in her dark hair as she stood there unshaded in the brilliant light. A charming touch of color crept into her warm clear skin, and her large eyes revealed their full measure of beauty as she glanced upwards at the old faithful servant whom she had known all her life. "You know I am a salamander, Meadows; no heat hurts me!"

"You may be a salamance twice over, Miss Jane, but that don't alter the fact that you didn't ought to be going about like a wild thing on an afternoon like this! And what for, too? For a nasty heathenish dirty bit of a monkey! I told you what it 'ud be, Miss Jane, when you insisted on buying the beast from that organ-man, and a-bringing of it home with you. There's no thing good to be got out of a monkey nohow!"

Jane laughed again, and then sat down upon the broad stone steps. Her two dogs had reached her by this time, and at once placed themselves as close to her as possible.

"My poor little Mimi!" she said. "You know, Meadows, it is not like you to be so hard-hearted; and you know too, he was just dying of starvation and bad treatment when I took him. I am sure he is not at all a nasty heathen. I am quite fond of him! And, Meadows, he knows me as well as possible; he makes such a funny jabbering noise when he sees me coming, and he never tries to bite me. Poor Mimi! Where can he be, I wonder? I do hope he is all right! Meadows, if anything happens to Mimi, I shall simply be furious! I am dying to show him to dadoy!"

"It'll be about all there will be to show Sir Richard," Meadows remarked severely. "Perhaps you ain't aware, Miss Jane, as how that monkey of yourn eats just everything it likes—books and boots and chairs and cushions; it makes no choice atween 'em. I wish he'd never come a-nigh the place—that I do! Look at him now!" said Meadows, turning abruptly up the stairs to where a small red coated grimacing creature sat poised on the edge of the balustrade, hugging some object in its arms. "He's up to mischief of some sort, of course. I hope you'll be satisfied, Miss Jane, when he's just destroyed the whole of the house—the nasty varmint that he is!"

Jane had sprung to her feet as she perceived the object of her search.

"Oh, Mimi, you naughty Mimi, where have you been?" she exclaimed; and, as she spoke, the monkey came sidling and slipping down the oaken rail towards her, the two dogs regarding him meanwhile with a jealousy that was almost overpowering although they masked it with a series of sleepy yawn and well-assumed indifference.

Jane Ludlowe took the funny little creature into her arms.

"Oh, Meadows, how can you say such nasty things about him? Poor little Mimi! Poor little, sad, lonely creature!"

But the sight of his bete noire being treated in this kind fashion was too much for Meadows. He disappeared at the farther end of the hall, having first drawn out one of the small tables and spread a white cloth over it.

"I'll bring you some tea directly, Miss Jane," he said before he went; and the girl laughed softly, for she heard him muttering disgustedly as he vanished.

"You are distinctly not a success here, you know, you poor little exile!" she said, addressing the monkey; and then she went out to the doorway and sat down again. "I am going to make you all friends," she announced. "Peter, come here, sir! What—you refuse to obey me? Very well. Lord John, you come instead."

She held out her hand to the dogs in turn, and both advance a little towards her; but at sight of the monkey in such proximity—the recipient, too, of their beloved mistress's attentions—they retreated again with a growl. The fox-terrier, by name "Lord John," found the state of affairs too much for him; so he departed fleetly up the stairs to seek his own corner in Jane's pet sanctum, relinquishing the coming joys of tea and buttered cakes with a stoicism which carried him as far as the gallery. Once arrived there however, his canine lordship came to a standstill, and stood with his nose poked through the railings and his beautiful eyes fixed steadily and mournfully upon the table below.

Jane, glancing up, saw him standing there, and laughed.

"Well, it is a shame!" she said to herself. "I dare say I should feel horribly jealous if I were Peter or Lord John, poor dears! And they are such good doggies—such faithful loving friends! Never mind, Lord John," she cried encouragingly—"you shall have your tea just the same. And so shall you, Peter, my darling—for you know I love you both very much, and I should never forget you or desert you for twenty Mimis!"

Meadows, coming back with the tea-tray, carried also a telegram, which he gave to his young mistress with some signs of curiosity. Letters and telegrams were none too frequent at Carno Court, except when Sir Richard Ludlowe ran down to see his home and his little Jane, and spend a few peaceful happy days with the child who adored him. Jane's face flushed as she took the buff-colored envelope.

"This will be from Mrs. Winter, I expect," she said to Meadows. "You know she told me she would in all probability be back this week."

Mrs. Winter was the governess who had had charge of Sir Richard's daughter for the past ten years, and under whose able and wise guidance Jane had grown up into the sweet, lovable, clever, intelligent girl she now was.

"Ah," responded Meadows, nodding his head at the monkey, who had slipped from Jane's hold and was now crouching on the step, nibbling an old glove he had picked up somewhere—"ah, your days will soon be numbered now, my young friend!"

Jane gave a low cry of delight.

"Oh, Meadows, it is from daddy—my dear, dear daddy! He is coming this evening; he will arrive by the 6:40 train. Oh, what a delightful surprise! I had quite made up my mind I should not see him for another fortnight. Meadows, please send round to the stables, and tell them I shall want the phaeton her at six sharp. Tell Foxon to harness the bays. I shall drive myself, and meet Sir Richard at the station."

The girl's face was flushed with sudden happiness; at the moment she looked almost beautiful. Jane Ludlowe could hardly be called plain at any time, but undoubtedly she could not claim either to be ranked as a beautiful or even a pretty girl. Picturesque she was, interesting, and most attractive. Her greatest charm was in the warmth, the exquisite sympathy of her nature, as revealed in her delicate expressive face, in the depths of her large dark eyes, in the sound of her voice. She was so young as yet—not having completed her seventeenth year—that the fulness of this charm was not thoroughly developed; but it was sufficiently pronounced to win her quick recognition, and no one could be long insensible to the power of her exceptionally sympathetic nature.

It needed but the mere mention of her father's name to touch the most vital part of Jane's heart. She loved her father with a love that was her life, with the passion, intensity, and fidelity which she inherited from her dead Italian mother. All the joy Jane had ever known was connected with her father. She thought him the greatest, as he was certainly to her the best, of all human beings. From her earliest babyhood she had given him complete homage, unswerving faith and devotion.

She gloried to read of his successes, of the place he held in the great world that surrounded him outside the happy precincts of Carno Court. She knew all his history; she loved to muse over the story of his early struggles, his privations, his industry, his determination; she was proud of every phase of his self-made career. The thought of his wealth did not appeal very much to Jane. She knew as yet absolutely nothing of the real meaning of life. She had grown up in a most peaceful groove- years filled with quiet study and companionship with her governess, friendly intercourse with the members of the household, innocent amusements with her pet animals.

The thought of a time when she might emerge from her quiet chrysalis existence and burst, like a brilliant butterfly, upon the world as her celebrated father's daughter and the mistress of Carno Court, had not even dawned upon Jane's mind. She lived for her father and her father alone. When he went away from Carno Court, she began immediately to count the days till he came back again; and the night before the day on which he was expected was usually spent by her in almost sleepless excitement and anticipation. Her governess, who was deeply attached to the girl, knowing the beautiful qualities of her youthful mind, had done her best gently and tenderly to woo her charge to some extent from this overpowering allegiance to one who, after all, was but human, and who, though a marvellously clever man and a most affectionate father, still did not merit such unbounded adoration. As yet however Mrs. Winter's efforts had not been very successful. It was a hard task—almost an unreasonable, and certainly a sad one—to have to urge as a text in such a case the mutability of earthly things, and a sadder one still to whisper of that grim, that cold, that incomprehensible separation which lay wrapped in the name of death; nevertheless the governess never lost any good opportunity of checking this overwhelming influence in the girl's heart.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bric-a-Brac.

THE COAT.—The frock coat is unquestionably an English invention and its first recorded appearance is in 1540, in the reign of Henry VIII. It is described as "a coat of velvet, somewhat shaped like a frock, embroidered all over with flatted gold of damasks."

WHALES.—Although whales grow to enormous size, sometimes eighty and even ninety feet long, the throat is so small that the animal cannot swallow a bite as large as a tea-biscuit. This applies to the common whale; the spermaceti has a mouth large enough to swallow a man.

PAGANISM IN EUROPE.—The inhabitants of the Malmyzha district in the Government of Viatka, in Russia, are still hopeless pagans, and quite recently offered up a human sacrifice to their gods. They are the only people remaining in any part of Europe whose religion is the paganism of their forefathers.

BEDS.—Beds are quite an innovation in Russia, and many well-to-do houses are still unprovided with them. Peasants sleep on the tops of their ovens; middle-class people and servants roll themselves in sheepskins and lie down near stoves; soldiers rest upon wooden cots without bedding; and it is only within the last few years that students in schools have been allowed beds.

POST OFFICE METHODS.—In the early part of the century the Postmaster-General received suggestions of several methods for conveying the royal mails besides steam locomotives. Among others was one made by a Royal Engineer, who advised that the mails should be enclosed in shells and fired from one stage to another. A good bombardier would be able to drop a shell within a few feet of a mortar or cannon, which would be required to pass it on to the next stage.

HOW INDIANS COUNT.—The Indians of Guiana have a curious system of numeration. The count by the hand and its four fingers. Thus, when they reach five, instead of saying so, they call it a "hand." Six is, therefore, a "hand and first finger;" seven, a "hand and second finger." Ten is "two hands;" but twenty, instead of being "four hands," is a "man." Forty is "two men," and thus they go on by twenties. Forty-six is expressed as "two men, a hand and first finger."

CHOOSING A MAYOR.—In ancient days, says a contemporary, the people of Grimsby formed an admirable notion of the wisdom required for corporation honors. The burgesses assembled at the church, and selected three of themselves for the mayoralty. The candidates were conducted, with a bunch of hay tied to each of their backs, to the common pound, in which they were placed blindfolded with a calf; and he whose bunch of hay was the first eaten by the calf was thereupon declared mayor for the ensuing year.

FIVE IN ONE.—At Prince Albert, a remote but busy village in the Canadian North-West, a weekly newspaper is, or recently was, regularly published in the handwriting of its proprietor, editor, reporter, advertising agent and printer, the five being one man. The paper appeared in purple ink from a gelatine copying press, or hektograph, and its editorials and local news were usually so clearly presented that the little journal was influential in the territories, was read with avidity in the newspaper offices of Eastern Canada, and constantly quoted as an authority.

THE OLDEST TIMBER IN THE WORLD.—Probably the oldest timber in the world which has been subjected to the use of man is found in the ancient temples of Egypt, in connection with stonework which is known to be at least four thousand years old. This, the only wood used in the construction of the temples, is in the form of ties, holding the end of one stone to another. When two blocks were laid in place, an excavation about an inch deep was made in each block, into which a tie shaped like an hour-glass was driven. It is therefore very difficult to force any stone from its position.

SQUIRRELS.—Squirrels, which are often supposed to hibernate, retire to their nests only in very severe and prolonged frosts. A slight fall of snow merely amuses them, and they will come down from their trees and scamper over the powdery heaps with immense enjoyment. What they do not like is the snow on the leaves and branches, which falls in showers as they jump from tree to tree and betrays them to their enemies, the country boys. During a mild winter they even neglect to make a central store of nuts, and, instead of storing them in big hoards near the nest, just drop them into any convenient hole they know of near.

"SHE MADE HOME HAPPY."

BY HENRY COYLE.

"She made home happy!" These few words I read
Within a churchyard, written on a stone;
No name, no date, the words alone
Told me the story of the unknown dead.
A marble column lifted high its head,
Close by, inscribed no one the world has known;
But ah! that lonely grave with moss o'er grown
Thrilled me far more than his, who armies led.

"She made home happy!" Through the long sad years
The mother toiled, and never stopped to rest
Until they crossed her hands upon her breast,
And closed her eyes, no longer dim with tears;
The simple record that she left behind
Was grander than the soldier's, to my mind.

CALM AND STORM

BY PHYLLIS.

CHAPTER VIII.

THUS the days passed by, and still Dorothy lived her solitary life in alternate moods of hope and fear. The spring breezes that blew in fresh and sweet from the wide expanse of water had brought back some of her lost strength, and again the soft color bloomed in her cheeks, and the lightness returned to her step.

Though still harrassed with anxious suspense, she began to take a brighter view of life and her surroundings, and to look forward more hopefully to the future. Many were the castles in the air she built, as she sat by the lake—castles which were complete in every detail though formed of such light materials. And so the time slipped away, and spring ripened into summer; the lake lay calm and sparkling in the hot sunshine, the woods grew dense and green; and then again autumn took its place, the fairest time of all the year.

There were calm bright days, when a faint golden haze lay upon the waving yellow corn amongst which the scarlet poppies flamed, and the lanes were filled with the great wagons that bore away the hay, filling the air with sweetness as they went, while the leaves grew gold and crimson in the hedges, and the rooks kept up a pleasant cawing in the tall trees by the deserted castle.

It was autumn again, the time that Valentine and Dorothy had been together, and all its sights and sounds which were bound up with the memories of that happy time awoke and the old yearning pain in the girl's heart, and filled it with restlessness and heart-sick longing.

It was on one of those golden autumn days that news came to Dorothy from the seat of war—news that made her smile and weep by turns. There had been a slight engagement with the enemy, in which Valentine's regiment had taken part, and, after a detailed account of it had been given, the paper mentioned an act of bravery which had been performed by Lieutenant V. Howard.

During a temporary withdrawal of the troops, the Colonel of Valentine's regiment was severely wounded, his horse being killed under him at the same time. Valentine happening to see the occurrence rode back quickly to his aid, and, having assisted him to mount his horse, led him back into safety, though under heavy fire all the time.

Dorothy's heart throbbed and her eyes brightened as she read the words. How proud she was of her hero—her own hero! She had been right in judging him "a king o' men;" and now she was content the world should see and hear of his heroism. How joyful she felt, and how she longed to tell him of her pride and happiness! For was he not all her own, unworthy though she was—hers till death should part them; and death would not part them now, she felt certain.

He had been spared through so many dangers only to come back to her, and happy tears of joyful pride came into her eyes. Oh, if she were only more worthy of such a man; if she were only rich and beautiful like the women she had read of in books! And yet he had chosen her out from all others, Dorothy told herself with triumph; and, as she began to write to him, she felt as if their reunion had suddenly grown closer and more tangible.

Dorothy's letter had been gone about a month, when one morning she read in the paper the joyful and unexpected intelligence that Valentine in charge of some invalid troops had arrived at Portsmouth.

She could hardly believe the news at first. He was coming, he would soon be with her; it seemed too wonderful to be true, and then she began eagerly to calculate how soon he could reach Ireland, deciding finally that he would hear from him the next day.

And when the following day passed without bringing her a letter, she concluded that he must be coming immediately, as he had not written. Dorothy had not yet fully realized that she would see him so soon—the end of her watch had come so suddenly and unexpectedly. She only rested content in the knowledge that he was safe and well, after all the dangers through which he had passed; and so in joyful expectation a week slipped past—a week of roaring winds, when the lake was a sheet of hissing foam and the tall trees bent before the icy blast; and all the time Dorothy stood at the end of the promontory, heedless of wind or rain, her eyes fixed eagerly upon the other side of the lake, watching, as Hero watched; but no Leander came across the strip of storm-tossed water, no tidings of his coming to ease her anxious heart.

He was detained by business, of course, Dorothy told herself, and she had doubtless been unreasonable in expecting him so soon. But she could not as readily frame an excuse for his not writing, and the next few days a feeling of uneasiness grew in the girl's breast, though not even to herself did she allow the delay was voluntary on his part.

At length she grew so impatient at his prolonged silence that she wrote to him, a task which she had not done sooner on account of ignorance of his address. She directed the letter to his club, hoping it would reach speedily; but no answer came, and another week went drearily by. Dorothy could not rest in her present condition of suspense, which was more difficult to bear that any that had preceded it. She could not sleep, or eat, but only wander restlessly hither and thither, watching for his coming, and her face grew haggard and worn, whilst a hectic spot flamed on each of her hollow cheeks.

It was one morning early in February—a dark blustering day, with a wind like ice—that Dorothy went down to the edge of the lake to meet the post, which was to her the one event of the day. She had some time to wait, for in her impatience she had come too soon.

But at length Paddy came within sight, and, when he had brought the boat alongside of the pier, he handed her a newspaper and a letter. The letter was from Valentine. With a wild bound of her heart Dorothy recognized the familiar much-loved hand-writing; and, seating herself on a rock—for she was trembling violently from excitement—she tore the envelope open with eager fingers.

"My dear Dorothy," the letter began—"I have had so much business to transact since I landed at Portsmouth that I have not had time to write to you before; and now I fear what I have to say will pain you as much as it does me to write. Reflection has shown me that our marriage was hasty and ill-advised—indeed, I thought so from the first; and each day that has passed the conviction has grown stronger. On me, of course, rests the chief blame; that I hardly knew what I did those last days I was with you must be my only excuse. I had no right to marry, situated as I was; and since my father's death I have felt this to be the case more strongly than ever; and I think it better there should be no disguise between us on the subject. Such being the case, I am able to tell you that, since my return to England, I have become aware that our marriage was not legal. You being under age and marrying without your father's consent, the ceremony we went through was only a form. You are free, and I will not again ask you to bind yourself to a poor man, a soldier of fortune who must depend upon his own exertions to earn his bread. And now that I have told you plainly what I think, I am sure you will agree with me that I am right; and, though the separation must painful to us both, it will be better in the end. If at any time I can serve you in any way, I hope you will let me know.

"I remain, ever yours truly,

"VALENTINE HOWARD."

As Dorothy read on down the page the cruel words that were shutting her out for ever from hope or joy, her hands shook, the blood rushed to her pale cheeks and then faded away as quickly; her heart beat in slow painful pulsations, and the sky, lake and trees seemed to be dancing a fantastic dance around her, while the water roared in her ears.

Valentine had wearied of her. His love was dead; he did not wish to see her again; he would forget her very existence; he had wearied of her, Dorothy continued to repeat in a curious dull tone of voice. And yet she felt no wonder that he had forgotten his vows, nor any sense of anger at his desertion or doubt as to the truth of his words, only a blank sensation of hopeless despair and pity for herself. She had had but one hope in her life, one object to pray for, one happiness to look forward to, one prop to sustain her through all her misery and loneliness; and now it had suddenly been withdrawn from her, and she had been plunged into the darkness of utter despair; for in one moment hope, joy, love, had vanished, and there was nothing left her.

She sat on motionless by the water's edge, unconscious of the icy wind that swept over the lake and beat against her numbed frame, unconscious of everything save a sense of utter desolation. Hours passed unheeded, until at length a sudden thought roused her and gave her strength to drag herself back to the cottage.

She would write to Valentine and beg him not to leave her, implore him to unsay those cruel words, and to come to her. Perhaps he thought she did not love him as much as she did; perhaps he thought she feared poverty. Ah, how little he knew! Would she not beg, starve, die—do or bear anything so as to be with him? The tears rained down upon the words she wrote and made them indistinct. And then, when she had ended, she wandered away again down to the edge of the lake, so as to be alone, where even Molly's faithful eyes might not see her grief and pain.

CHAPTER IX.

THE afternoon of the same day Charlie Deering rode over Eyre. He had been away from home for some weeks and he was anxious to see how it had fared with Dorothy during his absence. Miss Eyre was out, old Molly said, when she opened the door, and Deering started in quest of her. He would doubtless find her at the end of the promontory, he told himself, and turned his steps in that direction; but when he reached the entrance into the plantation he paused, for something dark was moving amongst the trees, and in a moment more Dorothy came within sight.

The wind was still high, and the trees were bending their bare branches as it rushed roaring through them; but the sun had struggled out in a stormy sunset, and gleamed down through the trees on the russet leaves that lay in heaps upon the ground.

Dorothy came straight towards him, down the path, the sun lighting up her slight figure in its sombre dress; and as she drew near Deering could see the change the last few weeks of anxiety had wrought in her. She was gazing blankly before her, a dazed expression in her eyes, and would have passed him by unconscious of his presence, if he had not stepped forward and spoken her name.

Dorothy turned and gazed at him wildly for a moment, and then held out her hand, though no smile of recognition came to her face.

"Molly told me I should find you here," he said, walking on by her side. "I only got home yesterday."

"Have you been away?" questioned Dorothy, in accents that were full of the sound of tears. "I did not know."

Deering looked at her in some surprise. The last time they had been together he had bidden her good-bye, telling her he would be away for three weeks; but he only asked her how she had been and what she had been doing during his absence.

"I am quite well," said Dorothy, with trembling lips; and then she paused.

"You are not looking well," returned the young man bluntly. "The fact is you have no friend you could go to or ask to come and stay with you?"

"No," said Dorothy, with a catch in her voice, "I have no friend;" and Deering, looking at her, saw that her eyes were full of tears, her whole face quivering with emotion.

"Don't say that," he exclaimed; "I don't believe it, and—and—you have a friend in me."

Dorothy made no reply. She walked on silently by his side, and after a moment's pause he spoke again.

"Miss Eyre, will you let me tell you—I—I—do you think you could ever care enough for me to be my wife? I—I—would try to make you happy."

The words were spoken bluntly, but the light of true faithful love was shining in his face.

Dorothy turned and looked at him. No color came into her pale cheeks, no surprise or emotion of any kind was visible in her face; it might have been that she had not heard his words or understood their meaning; but when in his eagerness he drew close to her, and would have taken her hand, she suddenly shrunk back with displeasure written plainly on her countenance.

"No, no," she cried, putting out her hand. "Don't speak to me. I cannot listen. I will not listen. I—I—oh, Heaven, how miserable I am!"—and, covering her face with her hands, she burst into tears.

Deering looked at her, amazed. What could he have said to pain her thus?

"I—I did mean——" he stammered; but Dorothy answered quickly—

"Please, leave me. I want to be alone;" and, when she repeated her words a moment later, Deering had no choice but to leave her, which he did with great reluctance; and Dorothy wept on passionately, under the solemn moaning of the trees, that bent and swayed above her till the sun went down, and the twilight deepened into dusk, and thin crescent moon brightened and cast a faint light on the dark moving waters. Then she roused herself and went home, just as old Molly, alarmed at her prolonged absence, was going forth to seek her.

* * * * * *

A week had passed by—a week of days lengthened by anxious expectation into the semblance of moths; but no answer had come to Dorothy's letter, though she still hoped against hope, till one morning the end came to hopes and fears.

Opening the newspaper, her eyes fell upon the announcement of a marriage which had taken place at St. George's Hanover Square, between Sir Valentine Howard and Lady Sarah Cowper, only child and heiress of the Earl and Countess of Glenstall.

It had come—the end of all the hope and restless anguish of suspense; and Dorothy sank down upon the ground, still holding the paper clenched in her hand.

She did not moan or cry; but remained quite dumb and motionless, staring blankly before her, while the water broke angrily on the shore, close to where she sat, and scattered the white spray almost to her feet.

No busy thoughts fight for mastery—there was no anger, no bitterness, no wish for revenge; her mind was blank; her brain incapable of thought, her tongue of speech; and so she sat on while the short winter day wore itself away, and darkness again fell upon the land.

* * * * * *

That night, when the moon rose high on lake and woods, it shone upon the white sands of the beach where Dorothy had watched so long, and upon the pale face of the girl, as she lay dead on the surface of the water, her eyes fixed upon the dark, illimitable heavens.

Peace had come to her at last—peace to the loving, anxious heart that had beat so restlessly, peace and rest after the fitful fever of life; and the water, lapping softly round her, bore her gently in towards the moon lit strand, where she had watched and waited in the days that had gone by.

* * * * * *

In a room at the Victoria Hotel, Killarney, Valentine and his wife were seated at breakfast a few days later. A great change had come over Valentine since the days he and Dorothy had been together; he looked older, and his face had lost its gay, boyish expression, a harassed look having taken its place.

Presently he pushed back his chair, and, rising, went over to the window. But it was not to gaze at the view—beautiful though it might be—that Valentine stood there.

Mountains and lakes were all very well in their way, if seen in advantageous circumstances; but he had seen enough of them ere this, and would far rather have spent his honeymoon in London, where the days might not have lagged so wearily; but Lady Sarah had willed it should be spent at Killarney, and Valentine, though he did so, reluctantly, had been compelled to yield to her wishes.

A few minutes later she too rose, and joined her husband at the window; but she did not slip her hand in his, or draw close to him, as Dorothy would have done, she only stood quietly looking at the view, at the glassy calm of the water, and the great chain of violet mountains, with their patches of dark woods, at the tiny green islands, that looked as if they had been immersed during the night, so fresh and

green were they in the morning light.

And Valentine turned and looked at her—the woman who was now his own, not with any love or tenderness in the possession, but coldly and critically. Lady Sarah was small and fair and lady-like in appearance, but her face was cold, and the lines round her mouth and chin were hard. She would rule his house, and be an irreproachable hostess; but she would never be the loving, tender wife Dorothy would have been, or feel toward him as she had felt.

Lady Sarah had given him position and money in exchange for his name and fame; but she made him feel that she had conferred a benefit upon him, for which she expected him to be grateful.

"We will go through the Gap of Dunloe to-day," she said, breaking the silence, which had reigned so long, "and come home down the lakes. Will you give the order about the boat, please? A pair-oared one, I think, will be the best."

Valentine nodded, and sauntered out of the room, returning a few moments later with a newspaper in his hand. He turned the sheet over carelessly, glancing briefly at its contents, until suddenly his eyes, became rivetted by a paragrph headed—"Melancholy Case of Drowning at Eyre;" and in a moment he had mastered the contents of the brief announcement of Dorothy's death.

"Good Heaven!" he exclaimed under his breath, and his face blanched to a deadly pallor.

"Is there anything interesting in the paper, Valentine?" broke in Lady Sarah's calm cold accents, and she glanced at her husband's pallid countenance somewhat curiously.

Valentine threw the paper over to her—he was incapable of speech—and then hastily left the room, and made his way down to the edge of the lake, where he had his dark hour unseen.

When he joined Lady Sarah an hour later, they set forth on their expedition. Valentine was silent, and, when the chief objects of interest were pointed out, he only gazed at them with eyes that saw not, and made no comment on their beauty; now and then he would hold out his hand mechanically to assist his wife, otherwise he appeared so absorbed in thought as to be almost oblivious of her presence.

The day was dark, the sky murky and lurid, and the solitary Gap looked weird and solemn, its tiny lakes lying black as ink in the shade of its overhanging cliffs.

Valentine walked on quickly up the narrow path; the gloomy shade seemed to oppress him with some strange foreboding of evil, and he experienced a sense of relief when they emerged at the other side, and began to descend the hill.

As they rowed down the upper lake, memory seized relentlessly on Valentine's mind, and forced upon him the recollection of the days he and Dorothy had been together.

The creaking of the oars against the rowlocks, the lapping of the water against the side of the boat, were familiar sounds bound up with the recollection of those days, and he shrank back shivering as he thought of Dorothy lying beneath the waves; he could almost fancy he saw her white face and floating hair in every wave that broke into foam—that bright lovely face that had grown so tender when he spoke to her?

Had she forgiven him—he wondered—the wrong he had done her? And then Valentine awoke from his thoughts to find Lady Sarah was addressing him.

"How rough it is!" she said, glancing somewhat anxiously round her. "I wish we were in a larger boat."

But it was not until they entered the lower lake that they discovered how quickly the storm had sprung up, and how angrily the squalls were scudding across the lake.

"Valentine, is it safe? I am getting nervous."

"Oh, we are all right!" returned Valentine carelessly; and for some time there was silence between them.

As the boat got farther out from the shelter of the shore, she caught the wind more fiercely, and the waves increasing in size and force broke against the sides of the boat and scattered the spray over its occupants.

But Valentine felt no fear as the lake grew rougher and the squalls increased in violence; he only experienced a curious sense of exultation as he watched the waves breaking into foam, and listened to the angry hiss of the wind as it rushed over the surface of the water in a cloud of spray.

"Could we land anywhere?" said Lady Sarah, whose face had grown very pale, though she preserved her presence of mind and sat quite still. "Are we in any danger?"

"We couldn't land now, my lady," answered one of the boatmen, "but we'll take you home safe, never fear; it's not the worst storm we have been out in, and the wind may drop any minute; but perhaps if the gentleman would move forward a bit it would steady the boat."

"Valentine, do you hear?" said Lady Sarah, when Valentine made no attempt to move. "The man says it will steady the boat if you go toward."

Valentine started, and then rose to comply; but at the same moment a sudden squall struck the boat, causing it to heel over, and Valentine, losing his balance, was precipitated forward into the angry waves whose curling crests of foam, like white arms, seized and drew him down to the dark depths below; and, as Lady Sarah's sharp scream of agony rang out above the storm, the waves sobbing round the boat seemed like Undine's voice to be crying, "Alas! alas!"

[THE END.]

NORWEGIAN FOLK-LORE.

THE woods, a Norwegian says, are haunted by strange and terrifying shapes even by day. A horse with a flaming head rushed last year across the path of a young man who was carrying brandy against his will to a relation.

The creature pawed the ground, and rolled its blazing eyes on the wretched man, till, dropping the brandy and falling on his knees, he vowed never again to carry "the evil thing," when the monster left him, more dead than alive, to crawl to his lonely home and tell what he had seen "Ah, thou hast seen it, then?" said the old grandmother. "Many a one has never spoken more in this world who met the horse of the fiery head."

This horse is not unknown in other lands. On the bleak Ulster bogs he rides at dawn; in some of the gray fields by the sea he may be seen rolling in agony; and there are places where, unseen by men he is plainly visible to the eyes of the frightened horses, whom no amount of punishment will induce to pass the dreaded spot. "A condemned soul," is the simple explanation of the Ulster speywife; how the Norwegians account for the same apparition is not known.

The black dog of vast size and ferocious aspect who figures so often in Irish folklore as a death-warning, is often to be seen in the Norwegian pine-woods. In Ireland, like the Banshee, he is attached to families, and appears at intervals; in Norway he is merely a common object of the country who frightens children into fits, and leaves young girls fainting with fear, while men who try to follow him find that he vanishes close to some dangerous sea, which they barely escape.

Stout-hearted indeed must the Norwegian wayfarer be, even in the open, for here again the fiery horse will gallop ahead of him in lonely roads, and the spirits of the streams try to trick him into the water by the way.

And terrors attend even the harmless duties of the farmer. Curses may be laid on his cattle, and they pine and dwindle; curses on his house, and it knows no luck; or curses on himself, and diseases and accidents are his portion.

It is hard to picture what the fate of the poor curse-ridden peasant proprietor would be, were it not that there are in every locality "wise women," who—like the white witches of Norfolk—are skilled in the mysterious arts by which the spells of unfriendly spirits can be rendered harmless.

To these powerful neighbors the victims of misfortune betake themselves, and learn of them how to foil their ill-wisher's schemes. A man who has been robbed has but to consult one of these wise women, and the thief will infallibly be discovered. She has but to draw from her well a glass of pure clear water, and, on looking fixedly into it, the man who has been robbed will plainly see the face and form of the robber so distinctly that no doubt can remain as to the guilty person.

Men as well as women have their inherited power of detecting evil-doers. A man in a lonely country place had but one neighbor, who regarded him as malevolently as Hudden and Dudden, in the Celtic fairy tale, regarded poor Tim O'Leary. And, as in that tale, it was on the cows that his envy and malice were wreaked.

The milk of twelve fine cows suddenly dried up, and the poor man whose sole wealth they they could not obtain a single drop.

To crown his misfortunes the favorite cow, which was the most valuable of all, fell dangerously ill, and, in despair, the owner betook himself to the distant parish where "a very wise man" lived, and told his tale.

"They have been laid under a curse by some ill-minded person," was the prompt reply. "Bring me a gun and let us set off for your farm."

Arrived there the wise man went to where the favorite cow lay in agony, had her propped up, and aimed steadily over her head and fired between her horns. "There," said he when the smoke had cleared away, "the enemy is shot, and the curse is off." And that evening each one of those bewitched cows gave her usual quantity of milk, and—strange coincidence—news was brought to the farmer that his neighbor "of the begrudging heart" was sorely wounded and lamed for life.

These wise folks are great also at the cure of diseases, and even attempt the difficult task of restoring reason to the insane.

"My cousin," says my Norwegian friend, "was raving mad for seven long years, and his father and mother would have given their lives to get him cured. After trying spells and charms of every sort they heard of a wise man in a far village who had great skill in that way, and they begged of him to come and cure their son, for he was their only one and they were bound up in him. At last the wise man came and looked at the lad.

"'There is hope,' said he, and he took the father with him into the field, strictly charging the mother not to open the door while they were away, come who might. In the field the wise man made a great fire, and taking a steel knife waved the blade rapidly about in the air, making certain signs with it; but the fire, which was low at first, suddenly sprang up and flamed in his face as he bent over it.

"'Now that is your wife's fault,' said the wise man indignantly. 'Her son must go uncured, and all because she has opened the door for some one. Let us go back.' So they returned from the field, and asked the mother why she had disobeyed the strict orders that were given.

"'I could not help it, indeed,' she said, 'a very poor woman came a-begging.'

"'Very well,' said the wise man, 'as it was for charity's sake you broke the spell, we will try again.' They went to the field, made the fire up again, and finished all the signs with the steel knife. They had left the son a raving lunatic, and on their return they found him by the fireside sitting quietly eating his food, sane and well, and no return of his lunacy has since disturbed that home."

The ill results that follow the opening of a shut door are a familiar feature of the folk-lore of many lands.

Fire appears again as a cure in another case, where a child, afflicted with some skin complaint, was cured by the mother taking a shovelful of live coals from the fire, and walking three times round the boy as the sun was setting, then opening the door of the house and flinging the embers as far to the westward as possible.

This happened to my informant in infancy, and from his account one might gather that the services of a doctor were but little needed in the lonely farm by the fiord where his home was. His father, walking home late from work on an upland field, trod in the dark on some evil and unknown thing, soft as a pillow, but of most deadly power, for his foot swelled to an enormous size, and the fever ran all over his body.

The local wise man, however, was equal to the emergency. "Get three stones," he said. "One that has been long lying under some flowing brook, one that has lain long in darkness under ground, and one that has been undisturbed for a length of days on the surface of the earth. Boil them all for seven hours, and then bring them to me."

The three stones were sought and found, and when well boiled were taken to the sage, when he held them to his ear.

"That one," said he, laying down the first, "is the stone the brook ran over; that one is the stone that lay long under the ground; but this one is the stone that lay in the light and air. Listen well, and you will hear the sounds inside it." But the ear of the anxious wife was dull of hearing though her faith was great, and to her the healing stone was mute. "It does not matter," said the wise man. "It is given to but few to see the unseen, and to hear the inner voice of things; but take the stone, boil it again for one quarter of an hour, let your husband drink of the water it was boiled in and the cure will be perfect."

And so it was.

The simple faith of the Norwegian peasants is that the seeing or not seeing of beings of the other world is a mere question of strong or weak nerves. Only, reversing the generally accepted belief, it is the Northman of strong nerves who has power to see the unseen. And he who sees it fears it not.

"If you have the gift," says my informant, "you may see dozens and scores of forms pass your door, but you know not what it is to feel alarm."

THE MOLEHILLS AND MOUNTAINS OF LIFE.—Mrs. De Cash: "Oh, yes, my plan of managing a man is to let him have his own way in small things, and then he is more impressed when you oppose him in great things. It is simple enough, and very easy." Fair young Bride: "But what do you call small things?" "Oh, smoking in the back library, sitting with his legs crossed, neglecting to properly adjust his necktie, and so on. There's no use fighting about such things. But when a man begins criticising milliners' bills, it is time for a woman to assert herself."

A RUSH OF ONE.—It was long a standing joke that umbrellas rose in price simultaneously with the opening of "the Royal Property," Vauxhall Gardens. In 1846 the spell was broken. St. Swithin seemed to have lost his rains; the clerk of the weather's office was a sinecure; and umbrellas, like certain railway shares, were "at a frightful discount." Throughout the whole season there was scarcely a prospect of "heaven and earth coming together." When the flood-gates were unloosened, the rush was, however, considerable. Wet nights were sorry nights for Vauxhall "management;" but they have been known to afford entertainment not prepared by the managers.

Let the following story of an umbrella illustrate the fact:

Upon a very moist night, which became more and more unfavorable to Vauxhall, and raised the spirits of market-gardeners, a handful of visitors had assembled at the Royal Property, resembling the fowls of a farm-yard, silently and gloomily submitting to fate and wet weather behind a haystack. With drooping "feathers" and an occasional "cluck," the little party nestled themselves together, with the solitary consolation of being "being "all in the same ark." They ensconced themselves in the supper pavilion, and stared at one another in a very natural manner.

It was observed, however, that one of the little audience was indifferent to the unpropitious state of the elements. Armed with an enormous umbrella, he waded from pillar to post, now gazing at the statues, now peering into basins, and anon staring at glimmering and sickly lamps. He was a serious-faced old gentleman, with his pantaloons turned up to avoid the wet, and his collar turned down by the wet. He was soon an object of speculation and amusement. Probably it was his first appearance and his last; possibly he had come to the scene of his early admiration; but, undoubtedly, he had paid, and was determined to have his money's worth.

The time for the orchestral performances commenced, and the pleasure taking old man established himself on a chair, and under his huge umbrella, a "solitary exception." There he sat alone in his glory, and gravely waiting to be entertained, as per programme.

The rain came down in torrents, but the unit of an audience kept his seat. In the distance watched the rest of the company. The first song sung was "Lovely Night." This passed off amidst much suppressed merriment; the second was "The sun, its bright rays." The umbrella was noticed to wave about as though the holder had become somewhat excited, and the mirth increased in the distance.

The third song produced a sensation which will not be forgotten by those who witnessed it; it was "I'm Afloat."

No sooner had the singer, with stentorian voice, uttered the first words, than the old gentleman jumped up, exclaiming, "You're afloat, are you? Then what must I be out here;"

This was too much even for the practised band, and the roar that followed considerably "enlivened the evening."

SOLD AGAIN.—As a rather unscrupulous fellow named Ben was coming down town one morning, he met Tom and stopped him. "I say, Tom," he said, "here's a pretty good counterfeit dollar. If you pass it, I divide."

"Let's see the plaster," said Tom, and after examining it carefully, put it into his pocket, exclaiming: "It is an equal division—half a dollar each."

"Yes," said Ben.

A few minutes afterwards he quietly stepped into the store of his friend Ben, and purchased half a dollar's worth of oysters, laying down the dollar to pay for them. The clerk looked at the coin rather doubtingly, when his suspicions were immediately calmed by Tom, who said:

"There is no use in looking, for I received the coin from Ben himself not ten minutes ago."

Of course the clerk with his assurance handed over the oysters and a half-dollar change, with this and the oysters Tom left. Shortly afterwards he met Ben, who asked him if he had passed the dollar.

"Oh, yes," said Tom, at the same time handing over the half to Ben.

That evening, when Ben made up his cash account, he was surprised to find the counterfeit coin in his drawer. Turning to his clerk he asked:

"Where did you get this? Didn't you know it was counterfeit?"

"Why," said the clerk, "Tom gave it to me, and I suspected it was fishy, but he said he had just received it from you, and I took it."

The whole thing had penetrated the brain of Ben. With a peculiar grin, he muttered "Sold again!" and charged the oysters to profit-and-lost account.

HOAX—"Why it is when we are looking for a thing that we always find it in the last place?" JOAX—"I suppose it's because we always stop looking after we have found it."

FINIS.

BY A. Y. E.

The end draws near. By Fates unseen directed
Our paths diverging tend.
To lives monotonous the Unexpected
Comes a friend.
While for a moment joyous smiles of meeting
The gathering shades dispel.
"Ave et Vale!" Lo! the ancient greeting,
Hail, and Farewell!

A moment more! And sadness follows after,
In bursts of keen regret
That put to silence all the happy laughter
Wherewith we meet.
The past is dead, the present swiftly fading,
And in the future dwell
Hopes faint and few, our longing glance evading,
Hail, and Farewell!

The time has come! Mid alien scenes and faces
Our lessening lives must lie,
And pass henceforth through solitary places
Beneath a stormy sky.
Clasp hands, old friend! Against our best endeavor
The tides of Memory swell,
Part we, as those who part indeed for ever,
Hail, and Farewell!

HIS ATONEMENT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," "HIS WEDDED WIFE."
ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

IT had been so silent in the empty schoolroom that it was scarcely to be wondered at that the young schoolmistress who was its only occupant started when, without any warning, a violent shower of rain-drops came pattering against the large dulled window-panes, resounding upon the roof of the schoolhouse.

She had been sitting at her desk, with her elbows upon it and her head resting on her hands, in the attitude which she would certainly have condemned in any of her scholars. The girl had probably been thinking deeply, for, as she rose to her feet, her eyes had a dreamy look in them, as if her thoughts had wandered away from the schoolroom and the pile of corrected exercise-books before her. But whatever visions she had conjured up in those ten minutes' solitude were dispersed at the sudden little storm of rain, and she was once more the calm, rather stately young "school-marm" of whom parents as well as pupils stood slightly in awe.

"It was fortunate that I sent the children home a quarter of an hour before their time," she thought, as she put the copy-books into her desk.

The heavily-falling rain had dispelled a certain wistful look which had been upon her face during her reverie; but her expression was still a very grave, almost a sad one as she locked up her desk. It was growing dusk in the large bare room with its forms and school appliances; but a lamp fastened against the wall just above Philippa Gordon's head made a little yellow patch of light. The rest of the room was full of the gathering shadows, and the fire had died down to a little heap of glowing embers in the wide grate.

The clock over the tall wooden mantelpiece was ticking loudly, and in two minutes it would strike four. There was a tall slender vase of some cheap grayish-blue pottery upon the schoolmistress' high desk, which held a little cluster of yellow chrysanthemums, which looked perhaps a trifle incongruous amid the severe simplicity of the pitch-pine desks and forms.

There was something a little incongruous too in the figure of the schoolmistress herself, notwithstanding the severe almost conventual simplicity of her uniform of dark-blue serge and white bibbed apron. If she had been clad "in silk attire," she could not have looked more stately or more unsuited to that position she held.

Having locked her desk and glanced round the room to see that all was in order, she took the flowers from the gray-blue vase, slipped them between the buttons of her close-fitting serge bodice, extinguished the lamp above her head, and, passing out into the vestibule, left the schoolroom to the shadowy dusk of the December evening.

The rain was still beating loudly against the panes; but it was no longer the only sound audible in the school buildings. Miss Gordon's long serge cloak and little coarse-straw bonnet hung in spectre-like loneliness on the first peg of the long row which went all round the little vestibule; and, if she had not known exactly where to find them, she would have had some difficulty in doing so, for it was so dark that, although she heard voices, she could not see the speakers.

"Is there any one here?" she asked hurriedly, feeling perhaps a little startled, for the school-buildings stood by themselves on the top of a hill that let down to the village, although nearly ten minutes' walk from any house.

There a was startled exclamation in a pretty soprano voice, followed immediately by a man's pleasant tones.

"I beg your pardon; I hope we did not startle you?" he said. "We have taken shelter from the rain. We are not trespassing, I hope?"

Miss Gordon had been putting on her cloak during this brief explanation, and now came forward nearer to the door, dimly discerning two figures standing just by the threshold—one that of a petite woman, the other that of a very tall man.

"I am glad you found shelter," she remarked, in her petty cultivated tones, which came somewhat as a surprise to her hearer.

"The rain came on so suddenly and so heavily that we should have been drenched by this time had we not done so," said the strange lady. "Are you taking shelter, too? It is awfully cold—is it not?"

It was indeed, for the year was drawing on towards Christmas, and there was a keen wind blowing, which brought rain in its stormy gusts.

"I am the schoolmistress," Miss Gordon answered. "Yes—it is very cold." She paused, hesitating a little, then went on quietly—"My cottage would be warmer," she said. "Do you mind coming with me? It is just handy—you see where the firelight is showing through the window-panes?"

"Is that your cottage? We knocked there but could not gain admittance, so we rushed in here."

"My father was asleep perhaps," the schoolmistress observed quietly. "I am sorry you should have knocked in vain," she added, in a curiously-apologetic tone. "But, as the shower does not seem to be merely a passing one, will you come now?"

"Thank you. You are very good," the man replied rather dubiously, "but——"

"You are extremely kind," interrupted his companion, with a musical little laugh. "If we shall not be troubling you very much! I am so cold, Dick; and the firelight looks most tempting."

"Will you come, then?" Philippa inquired. "Down this path, and there we are."

A hurried scamper down the narrow track brought the two young women to the cottage door. Dick Forsyth followed them into a dim little passage as yet unlighted; but Miss Gordon quickly opened a door, when a flood of ruddy firelight poured out upon the semi-darkness as she led the way in.

"Is that you, Phil?" asked a drowsy voice, and a tall gray-haired man, who had been sitting by the fire in a comfortable arm-chair, stood up and looked in wondering curiosity at the new-comers.

Miss Gordon explained briefly to her father, who bowed with perfect self possession, and wheeled a low chair up to the fire for the pretty yellow-haired girl who had sought shelter, but who was looking about her in amazed curiosity.

"Oh, thank you!" she said graciously. "But I am afraid we have disturbed you."

"Not at all. I believe I was asleep, for I was not aware it was raining. I hope you are not wet?"

"Oh, no, Dick—my cousin, Mr. Forsyth"—making a graceful informal introduction—"had an umbrella."

The tall young man bowed: he too looked a little surprised, although he did not show his astonishment so visibly as the girl had done. Doctor Gordon was far too keen an observer not to notice their amazement, and was half amused, half nettled by it; he was too just a little excited, as it was so seldom now that he met people of his former rank in life.

"I think we ought to introduce ourselves properly," the young lady said, as she sat in the low chair in the firelight, a dainty vision in her soft rich sealskins. "This, as I told you, is Mr. Forsyth, and I am Sibyl Mavor, his cousin, at present on a visit at the Hall."

She paused, looking with a pretty look of inquiry from the tall gray-haired man to the stately young woman in her coarse blue serge gown and long cloak.

"I am Doctor Gordon, and this is my daughter Philippa, at present village schoolmistress at Treverton," rejoined the gray haired man with a touch of bitterness in his voice, too slight to be perceptible to Miss Mavor, but sufficient to be remarked by her cousin, who suddenly remembered that his mother, Lady Marcia Forsyth, whose hobby the schools were, had spoken about the schoolmistress who had come to Treverton just before he returned from a long tour abroad.

What was the story? He tried to recollect, but was not very successful. There was something about a father who was an invalid, who had been obliged to give up his profession or his business.

"What a glorious fire, and what a charming room!" Miss Mavor went on. "How pretty you have made it, Miss Gordon!"

"My daughter will be gratified at your approval," Doctor Gordon intervened, with a bow.

Miss Mavor colored a little; she did not quite understand the old man's manner.

"It is very pretty, is it not, Dick?" she continued. "I remember it in Miss Smith's time; it was a horrid room then, with its crochet antimacassars and wool mats. Are you going to give us some tea?" she asked, noticing Miss Gordon's preparations. "Oh, that is kind of you!"

"My father and I usually take it at this hour," Philippa Gordon observed.

"I was wondering how I could manage until we got to the Hall, and whether I could coax Dick into taking me into the 'Forsyth Arms' for a cup," remarked Miss Mavor, laughing and nodding at her cousin. Her golden hair was shining in the firelight, for she had taken off her hat and was shaking its feathers before the fire, looking quite at home and at her ease, while her cousin, who was standing behind her, seemed a little uncomfortable.

The fire was blazing up cheerfully, and Miss Gordon had lighted a lamp standing on a side table. The lamp was a pretty one, with a dainty shade of silk and lace, such as Dick Forsyth had noticed in his mother's rooms, and, looking around, the young man asked himself if it were possible that they were in the schoolmistress' cottage.

The room was of almost spacious proportions, as Dick's father, when giving the site for the school-buildings, had stipulated that the rooms in the teacher's cottage should be airy and large.

The walls, distempered in a shade of faint faded green, had a frieze of poppie exquisitely painted, while on the floor was an Eastern carpet, worn and faded certainly, but still artistic. In a recess by the fire were shelves, filled with well-selected books, from which an embroidered curtain was partly drawn aside.

Another curtain concealed a door leading into the kitchen; there was the great arm-chair in which Doctor Gordon sat, a reading-easel beside it, and the little low rocking-chair, with its frilled cushion, which Sibyl occupied.

There were a piano, a great writing-table littered with papers, some pots of flowers on the window-sills, and a work-basket overflowing with gay silks and pieces of colored plush, while, on the tall narrow mantelpiece, were some bits of old china—a Worcester jug, a Crown Derby pastille burner, an old plate or two, and a delicate Burano vase.

Miss Gordon was moving about the room preparing tea. Sibyl was watching her, wondering if she were pretty. She could not quite make up her mind on this point; but she decided that, at any rate, the schoolmistress was graceful.

She was young, although there was nothing of girlishness about her; her face was rather thin, and had lost the delicate rounded contour which Miss Mavor's possessed. Her eyes were a beautiful velvety brown, but they were slightly sunken and looked tired; her mouth was very grave, although her smile was vividly bright and sweet.

Miss Mavor might have some doubts as to the schoolmistress' looks, but her cousin had not. He was thinking that he had rarely seen a more charming head than the one which rose in so stately a manner above that dark-blue gown.

The rain was still falling heavily, pattering against the latticed windows. It was a dreary evening, and the wind was moaning under the cottage eaves.

Doctor Gordon was leaning back in his great chair, talking to Mr. Forsyth in a pleasant cultivated voice. Sibyl was listening as she held out her begemmed hands to the fire, occasionally glancing from one to the other; while Miss Gordon was making tea in an old silver teapot a good deal the worse for long usage. The schoolmistress was standing by the table, and Dick sprang up to hand her a chair.

"I am afraid we are giving you a great deal of trouble," he remarked.

"Not at all," she answered quietly.

Feeling a little snubbed, Dick Forsyth went back to his former position and resumed his talk with her father; but Sibyl, who was a keen observer where her cousin was concerned, saw that his dark eyes wandered more than once to the slender figure by the tea-table; and, as time went on, she began to feel rather impatient.

"Hasn't the rain ceased?" she inquired jumping up and running to the window to peer out into the darkness of the winter night. "Dick, we shall be late for dinner, and aunt Marcia will think something has happened."

"Something has happened," Forsyth answered laughingly; "we have been caught in a terrible shower, and we have had the good fortune to find a pleasant shelter, from which we must tear ourselves away if the rain is over."

"The roads will be very muddy even if it had ceased raining," Doctor Gordon remarked; "and, although I see Miss Mavor has sensible boots of the kind I used to try to convince my young-lady patients to wear, I am afraid it will be a rough walk for her."

"Oh, but there is no alternative!" observed Sibyl, looking down at her little thick-soled Balmorals.

"There is an alternative," Dick Forsyth said, as he looked down at the pretty little figure of his cousin. "If Miss Gordon will allow you to remain a little longer, I will go to the inn and get Raggles' dog-cart."

"Oh, but, Dick," his cousin began, remonstrating, with pretty pleading eyes uplifted to his face; but the young man laughed, buttoned his tweed coat, and hurried out into the chill darkness, the pretty girl accompanying him to the door, returning with a few drops of rain shining on her sealskin coat.

"Dick will get wet," she observed regretfully; "it still rains a little. Oh, you have a piano! You play, Miss Gordon, of course?"

"Phil plays fairly well," the doctor said, smiling. "She was a pupil of Madame Schumann's."

"Madame Schumann's!" echoed Miss Mavor, in a tone of surprise. "Why, you must be a first-rate musician, Miss Gordon!" she went on hastily.

"You heard me play on Sunday," remarked Philippa Gordon, smiling, although she had flushed a little at Miss Mavor's evident astonishment.

"On Sunday?" the young girl repeated, looking puzzled.

"Yes—at church. I play the organ," Miss Gordon explained. "And you were at church, I know, for I saw you in the Hall pew."

"Yes—we were there. And you officiate at the organ? Oh, I wish you would give me some lessons; I want to learn, as Dick adores that instrument!"

"I am afraid I have not time," the schoolmistress replied; "I am a very busy person, you know."

"Oh, we must try to arrange it!" returned Miss Mavor. "Mr. Vane would give us leave, I am sure. I will speak to Lady Marcia about it."

"I hope you will not trouble," exclaimed Philippa; "I really have not time!"

"You unkind girl!" cried Sibyl, affecting to pout.

"Indeed," said Philippa, looking down at the little thing very kindly, "I do not mean to be unkind; but my day is taken up with the children, and the choir practices engage so many of my evenings that I cannot undertake any more work."

"The children! It seems so absurd that you should spend your time teaching the village children," observed Miss Mavor. "Are you not wasting your accomplishments?"

"I am earning my living," Miss Gordon rejoined gravely; and, as she turned away, she met her father's eyes fixed upon her half proudly, half reprovingly. She smiled, giving him a very tender glance, and Sibyl Mavor saw that she touched his hand as she passed him.

The Doctor brought out an album of photographs and etchings, and began to show them to his fair guest, who seemed a little restless now, and once or twice asked if it were not time for her cousin to return.

He had hardly been gone twenty minutes when they heard the sound of wheels on the quiet road; the next minute he came hurrying in, bringing with him a little gust of cold wind from without.

As the cousins were about to depart, Miss Gordon brought a large soft shawl to wrap round Sibyl, which the latter laughingly refused and accepted all in a breath. Mr. Forsyth thanked Doctor Gordon, but looked a little eagerly at the young school

mistress, as if his gratitude extended to her.

He and the Doctor shook hands cordially; but the Doctor's daughter only gave him a quiet little bow; and something in her manner prevented the young man from offering her his hand. He felt a little nettled as he followed his cousin and Doctor Gordon to the dog-cart which waited outside, its lamps shining in the darkness of the winter night; but Miss Gordon remained indoors.

As she stood in the pretty sitting-room she could hear their voices and the girl's gay sweet laughter, followed by her father's "Good night!" The sorrowful look left Philippa's face as she turned to give him a smile as he returned, rubbing his hands and exclaiming at the cold, his face lighted up with pleasurable excitement, such as his daughter had not seen on it for many a day.

CHAPTER II.

"SO that is the Squire!" exclaimed Doctor Gordon, as he went up to the fire. "A pleasant fellow enough! He must take after his father, not after his stuck-up mother."

"I thought him very like her," Phil answered. She was removing the tea-things and carefully folding up the white cloth with its fanciful scarlet-embroidered initial.

"In the face—yes. He is good looking enough," Doctor Gordon observed, as he seated himself in his great chair. "The girl is pretty, and I suppose she is soon to displace Lady Marcia at the Hall."

"Indeed!" Philippa's fair face lighted up with a look of interest. "They are engaged, then?"

"Oh, it is a kind of family arrangement!" her father replied. "She is an heiress, and Forsyth ought to marry money, as his father left the estate heavily involved. He did not seem to me very much in love," he added, holding out his thin delicate hands to the cheerful warmth; "but Raggles told me to-day that the wedding was talked of for the spring."

"Raggles!" the girl repeated involuntarily. "Oh, father, you promised me——".

"I did not promise you to be a prisoner here from morning until night!" he interrupted sharply. "You can hardly expect that! And the mere fact of my talking to Raggles does not mean that I drank with him."

"Dear father, no—forgive me," said the girl very gently; but her face had lost all its color, and even her lips were white as she spoke.

Her father looked at her, and his eyes softened as he put out a trembling hand and drew her to him. The girl bent her cheek on his gray head to hide the tears which had gathered in her eyes.

"I will keep my promise, Phil," he remarked a little huskily, "you need not fear; but you can hardly realize how dull this life is for me. Until I spoke to Mr. Forsyth this evening I had not talked to an educated person for three months."

"Mr. Vane comes sometimes, dear," his daughter reminded him gently. "I know it is dull for you," she added sorrowfully; and a tear fell upon the still abundant gray hair against which her cheek rested.

"Dull!" he echoed bitterly. "Heaven only knows what a purgatory life in such a hole as this is! But I know you do your best, Phil, my girl, and a shelter and food and clothing are even more than a fool like me deserves—a miserable——"

She put her trembling little hand upon his lips and silenced him, shrinking as if the word he was about to utter would have hurt her. For some moments neither of them spoke, and the silence in the room was broken only by the crackling of the fire and the ticking of a little carriage-clock upon a bracket.

In a few minutes the man's face had resumed its normal expression, and he made a slight movement as if he wished his daughter to alter her attitude. Phil stood up at once and moved away from his side, beginning, with little womanly touches here and there, to reduce the somewhat disordered room to its usual neatness.

As she passed the great writing-table, she saw that the writing materials and the little pile of scribbling-paper had remained untouched since the morning. Her father had evidently added nothing to the half-completed medical work on which he was engaged.

She sighed as she lifted the portiere and passed into the kitchen, where her maid was anxiously waiting for her assistance and advice in preparing the late dinner which Doctor Gordon could not dispense with without more inconvenience than his daughter cared to put him to.

Philippa was still very pale, and, now free from restraint of her father's presence, her forced smile relaxed, and the fair grave face which was haunting Dick Forsyth during his homeward drive looked a little haggard and weary.

Life was very trying sometimes, she thought, and it was somewhat consoling to think that there were people to whom it was always easy and pleasant, such as that pretty yellow-haired girl who was to be the wife of that kind dark-eyed young man.

Their visit and the impromptu tea-party had made a pleasant break in the monotony of life at the schoolhouse; but Phil knew that it was not advisable that such variations should occur frequently. It was not desirable that—after many a secret tear and earnest prayer, she had schooled herself into contentment—all her work should be undone, and the struggle recommenced, through a glimpse of the life from which she was excluded.

After all it was not the most worthy or the most desirable life, this fashionable existence of dress, visits, society and amusement. There was a good deal of artificiality about it; and Philippa felt sometimes in her more cheerful moods that the one she led now was much more useful.

But there were moments when her inferior position jarred upon the sensitive pride of the girl who had been a little queen of her set for a year or two before trouble had befallen her. It was not so long since she had worn velvet and sealskin like Sibyl Mavor, and been on an equality with kind and refined young men like Sibyl's cousin.

"I suppose I hold now about the same rank as his mother's maid," she thought, with a bitter smile; yet Dick Forsyth's manner had been perfectly respectful, and just what it would have been to any young lady whom he had met for the first time.

Doctor Gordon seemed to have quite recovered from his little fit of irritation by dinner-time. The meal, a very simple one, but daintily cooked, was served on a little round table by the fire. The glass and silver glittered and shone in the red light, and there was a cluster of yellow chrysanthemums in an old china vase.

The Doctor had changed his tweed coat for a black one, and Philippa had put on a red gown with a ruffle of lace at the throat. The only beverage on the table was water—cold, pure, and sparkling; but in other respects the little dinner was served as daintily as the Squire's own. After dinner Miss Gordon brought in coffee, which was made to perfection, she having been taught the art, by her father's French cook, in that past life she was trying so hard to forget.

It was very quiet and peaceful in the sitting-room, with its frieze of glowing poppies. The lamp-light fell softly upon the figure of the girl bending over some dainty artistic work, which kept her white fingers busy.

Her father, leaning back in his arm-chair, looked a picture of luxurious idleness; while, in the kitchen beyond, Phil's little hand-maid might be heard clattering her dishes and moving about.

Outside was the cold night, with the moaning wind and falling rain; within were warmth, peace, and home. The girl thought how thankful she ought to be for such a dwelling; indeed, she was. To have her father with her, safe, contented, if not happy; to forget, for a few hours at least, the fears which haunted her so frequently—surely this was happiness?

Presently her father asked for some music, and the girl went to the piano and played soft dreamy melodies, which seemed to suit the hour and the surroundings. Perhaps it was well that she could not see the expression on her father's face as he sat listening; it was haggard, weary, almost terrible.

Once or twice he glanced across at the girl with a dark, almost revengeful look. But this was only for a moment; and, when she stopped playing and rose from the piano, he was sitting with his face covered with both his trembling hands.

"You are tired, dear," Phil remarked gently, as she went to his side and put her hand upon his shoulder, when he started and looked up.

"Yes, I am tired," he replied drowsily—"very tired. I think, my girl, that I will go to bed. What o'clock is it?"

"Nine," she answered cheerfully; "but you were up early this morning."

"And you, Phil—what are you going to do?" he asked, as he rose from his chair.

"Oh, I shall not be late!" she observed brightly. "I have some work I want to finish, but half an hour will be sufficient. It is a wet night still," she added, as a sudden gust of wind dashed the rain against the little diamond-shaped panes. "I think the wind and rain make our cosy fireside all the pleasanter."

"Yes. Good night, my child! Don't sit up late," he said; then, as she raised her face for his kiss, he seemed struck with some expression he could read there under all her pretty forced smiles. "My poor little girl, it is a hard life for you! I wish you had not to work so hard. When my book is finished——"

"I don't work a bit harder than I like," rejoined the girl, smiling. "Father, I should be quite happy here—quite happy, if I could think you were content."

"Happy—here," he queried—"in this wretched hole, without a soul to speak to? You, who are fitted to adorn a palace, spending your days in a village schoolroom with whining children, knowing that you are patronized by your inferiors!"

"Dear father," the girl remonstrated, "if you love me, cease!"

"If I love you!"—and he groaned. "Ah, my girl, it would be much better for you if I were lying under the shadow of the old church yonder! Well, well, forgive me; you are a good child, and you do your best. You ought to sleep well at night!"

He kissed her forehead, and, turning, left her in the glow of the firelight. She was still standing there when his footsteps sounded heavily on the carpetless stairs towards the little room overhead. Philippa was pale, but there were no tears in her eyes or on her cheeks, but her heart was full of trouble.

Presently the sounds in Doctor Gordon's room ceased, and the little house sank into stillness again. Phil raised her head, which had sunk down upon her breast, and, with a long sobbing sigh, went back to her chair by the table on which the lamp stood.

Her work—a square of pale green satin, on which she was embroidering a cluster of delicate cyclamens—and her gaily-tinted silks were all lying as she had left them when she went to the piano.

As she sat down to resume her embroidery the little carriage-clock struck the half-hour after nine, being followed a moment later by the chiming from the old church-tower.

Phil's hand shook as she threaded her needle. Half-past nine! It was the hour when in her former life—that brief beautiful existence she tried to forget, but which seemed so near her to-night—she would probably have been starting for a ball; or she might have been sitting at a concert, listening to Albani, Nordica, Joachim, or Lloyd; or at a theatre seeing the last new play, enjoying the acting and the dresses and the scenery as a fresh untired girl could.

If her enjoyment of these things had not lasted very long, it had been intense; but now, even to think of them gave her a pang. She had appreciated her pretty gowns, her horse, her victoria, the society of well-dressed partners, the concerts and the plays.

She had enjoyed sitting at the head of her father's perfectly-appointed table, listening to the gay and often brilliant talk around her. But it had been a short reign. One brief year had passed cloudlessly, and then the shadow had begun to loom in the distance, drawing nearer more and more quickly. She had seen it gathering, and had tried to avert the catastrophe.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A PRACTICAL SPIRITUALIST.—A dry old codger, connected with the railroad interests, a man who listens always and speaks little, and was never know to argue a hobby with anybody, has lately been all mouth and ear to a very communicative spirit of the ultra school. He listened to and swallowed all sorts of things from the other world with so much placidity of assent that the spiritualist at last believed him to be one of the faithful. A few days since the spiritualist said to his pupil, "The spirit of Brown appeared to me last night, and ordered me to borrow five dollars of you," for a certain purpose, which was named. "Yes, I know it did," replied he, "and isn't it strange? The same spirit called on me half an hour afterward and told me not to let you have the money, as it had made a mistake in giving you the order!" The spiritualist hasn't been to see the old codger since.

IT SHOULD BE THE BUSINESS OF EVERY One having a Cold to treat it promptly and properly until it is gotten rid of—intelligent experience fortunately presenting a curative in Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, thoroughly adapted to remove speedily all Coughs and Colds—allay any exciting inflammation of the Throat or Lungs, and remove the distressing symptoms of Asthma or Pleurisy.

Scientific and Useful.

WOOD-DYEING.—A process of dyeing wood that is largely used in Germany, and particularly in Bavaria, has been successfully tried by a firm of Canadian lumbermen.

IVORY.—All ivory ornaments can be whitened if carefully brushed with soap and water, rinsed in plain water, allowed to drain a little, and then placed, for as long a time as required, in the sun and air. The sun has a peculiar bleaching property with regard to ivory.

ELECRICITY.—A clever method of stopping a generating plant at a distance has been devised by a New Zealand electrical engineer. A late installation, which was carried out with the addition of this device, was for a private residence, the turbine being about half a mile distant from the house. The main switch was arranged in the owner's bedroom, so that he could shut down after retiring to rest.

ETCHING.—When etching is done by the aid of electricity a wire is soldered to the plate to be etched, by means of which an electric current is passed through the etching solution, which is made much more dilute than in the case of ordinary etching. This action is much increased in intensity, and, in many cases, acids, which under ordinary circumstances are inert, can be used, as, for instance, copper and weak sulphuric acid.

BOTTLES.—A Skowhegan (Me.) manufacturer of patent medicine made an offer of $20,000 to any one who should invent for him a bottle that could not be refilled after once being emptied. An ingenious mechanic named McQuillan has invented such an article, and the firm has allowed him six months more to make any improvements or changes needed in his invention. It is a curious yet simple article, and will cost only a trifle more than an ordinary bottle.

A NEW RIFLE.—A new rifle surpassing all the others in every particular, is reported to be brought out by a French inventor. It is a magazine gun, extremely light, and can fire 100 cartridges without overheating the barrel. Its recoil is so that the soldier is never troubled with it, and its hundred cartridges, which are less than half the weight of the same number of cartridges of any other rifle, can be fired without taking the weapon from the shoulder. The effects of its little bullets are said to be terrific.

Farm and Garden.

GRASSES.—Some grasses that are native to the soil crowd out all other kinds. If the native kinds are adapted for providing good pasturage it is cheaper to use no other than to expend labor and time in endeavoring to secure something better.

THE BULL.—It is always dangerous to allow the bull to have his liberty. He should be "ringed" and placed under control. The gentlest bull becomes vicious, especially when aged. There is no reason why a bull should not be made to work on the tread powers.

GARDENING.—In a recent paragraph attention was called to the healthful nature of gardening, as attested by statistics. Instances of extreme old age are more common among those who exercise themselves with gardening than in any other employment.

RATIONS.—A ration composed of equal portions of corn and bran is better than corn only, for the reason that corn is deficient in mineral matter, while bran is rich in the phosphates, the two substances providing a greater variety of the elements essential to growth and warmth.

DAIRYING.—One of the principal advantages of dairying on the average farm is that it offers a good opportunity of converting all kinds of grain and fodder into a good marketable product and at the same time secures a large amount of valuable manure that will add to the fertility of the soil.

TREES.—It is not generally known that in sending trees to a distance, the tighter they can be packed, provided they are not very wet the better they will travel. In old times, before the days of steamboats, it was not uncommon to send such plants as camellias, azaleas, heaths and other plants on a six months' voyage to Australia with perfect success. The plants were packed in perfectly dry moss and pressed into the cases as tight as it was possible for them to be pressed. They usually reached Australia in perfect condition.

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Beauty and Ugliness.

Every body desires to be beautiful, as every one desires to be rich; at least, at one time of their lives such is the desire of all people. We would by no means say that this desire exists during all their lives, or in the wisest part of their existence, but it does really dwell with all for some considerable time. At a later period they begin to have a real value of beauty; and if they are wise they will, all their lives, have an instinctive dread of too much of this gift.

How many fathers and mothers have really "cursed the face that pleased," not a king, but some villain, or that betrayed its owner to a life of shame, or that was the bait by which some foolish, wicked marriage was made! It is sufficiently evident that there are but few worldly gifts to be desired. Happy is the man who has a sufficiency and a contented mind, and who fully appreciates God's best gifts.

When the typical working-man, after a holiday, gave a sigh, and said that he was sorry that "Life was not all skittles and beer," he but gave in vulgar language the desire of the great rich man who wished that life might lead from one triumph to another, and that sunshine might follow sunshine without one interval of shade. To be beautiful is a gift, owing solely to God, or to healthful and well-formed progenitors. It is a gift of power recognized at once. No queen is such a queen as a really beautiful woman. Her own sex admires, envies, or takes a pride in her; the other sex follows her.

Even in a court of justice, and it might also be given as a reason why our judges and jurors should be eye-bandaged, when a pretty witness appears, although a wicked woman may-be, all are polite to her; the old judge becomes insensibly milder, and the bullying barristers are absolutely polite. Such is the power of beauty.

The spirit of Beauty is Truth; and truth, applied to external form, means real harmony and agreement. We need not care whether a face be black or white, or whether its features be those of the Caucasian, Mongolian, or negro. True harmony and agreement of features will produce beauty.

It is curious that there is an almost universal feeling against this; a feeling divinely implanted, we may believe, since it keeps the races separate; but it requires education and long custom to recognize this simple fact. The Greek idea is that beauty is goodness, and real goodness produces beauty. Our poets have reproduced this opinion, with the addition that the good or the fine soul always finds out some beautiful body to inhabit.

Are we to look only to infancy and youth for this quality? Certainly not, as every thing in nature assures us. Does not the presence of age and softness in a ruined fortress clothed with ivy, dismantled, broken, and a mere wreck of its former strength, give it a peculiar grace, dear to the minds of the reflective and thoughtful?

It is but fair to add that this kind of Beauty, which we may denominate the true, is not that of all the world. The thoughtful youth, who, by the way, often reverences age much more than we think, and who chiefly falls in love with a woman older than himself, can not, if he have a pure heart, separate Beauty from goodness. And, as he grows up, he will find that his ideas of Beauty depend very much, if not entirely, upon the purity of his mind.

It will be well, in connection with this, to quote a noble passage of John Ruskin's, bearing on this point. With regard to the notion of beauty of woman in the head or heart of man, and of man in that of woman, he presumes that the basis is a certain sensual pleasure arising from sight and other senses. Then he adds, that it is necessary, to form a right idea, that this feeling should be accompanied with joy, then with love for the object, then with the perception of kindness in a superior intelligence, and finally with thankfulness and veneration towards that object itself. Or else, he says, that we shall have our understandings darkened; "for we do indeed see constantly that men having naturally acute perceptions of the beautiful, yet not receiving it with a pure heart, or into their hearts at all, never comprehend it, nor receive good from it, but make it a mere minister to their desires, an accompaniment and a seasoning of lower sensual pleasures, until all their emotions take the same earthly stamp, and the sense of beauty sinks into the servant of lust."

It is from the temptation of lower natures that beauty suffers. A beautiful form or face is a kind of riches; it makes its possessor distinguished, and it renders him or her susceptible to flatterers, and to those easily-won friends who are hardly worth having, because they are silly and injudicious.

Hence beautiful people are seldom lovable; or, to use our Frenchified word, amiable. The beauty attracts, but the unlovely spirit repels. The prettiest girl in a family is often the most haughty and proud; nay more, finding it easy to please, she ceases to endeavor to do so; and she is too often the least accomplished, learned, or ladylike. So too, handsome men are the most worthless; and stupid and ugly men are often forced by their repellent exterior to become courteous and pleasing.

Ugliness, the contrary to Beauty, is not a more universally unwelcome guest than Beauty is a welcome one. Nevertheless, it is not entirely a misfortune, for it has many compensations. An ugly woman, like a poor man, will not have many flatterers, and may console herself that she is loved for herself alone. She can sit by and listen, and remember that beauty fades, and that it is but skin deep. But education, the mind and the look of a woman, will soon banish ugliness.

We are none of us so ugly that we are shocked at ourselves, and we can easily make up even for deformity by goodness. As a nation grows wiser, better fed and better taught, it always improves in beauty.

KNOWLEDGE is chiefly valuable in building up force of thought. If it do not culminate in this, it is only an encumbrance. Any intellectual force is never satisfied with merely observing or noting particular facts, however numerous, but uses them as illustrations of broader and higher truths. He who possesses it is always and in all circumstances growing. He meets difficulties, only to learn their causes and overcome them. His work, whether manual or mental, is the ladder by which he mounts to a higher condition. Not only to do it and do it well, but also through it to render himself capable of still higher attainments, is an aim of which he never loses sight.

THERE are innumerable ways of being useful in the world, and each man has his peculiar gifts and qualifications. Each man will walk in the path best adapted to him; but there is no reason why every path should not lead toward the benefiting of men in general. Good principles are just as good for the artist as for the artisan, for the poet as for the ploughman, for the man of business as for the clergyman. It makes no difference what you do, as long as it is just, and you are honest and diligent in the doing of it.

A CARPING spirit rarely goes with a working spirit. It is easier to find fault with what some one else does than it is to do something oneself; hence a man who enjoys doing the easier thing is disinclined to do the harder one. As a rule, men are divided into the two classes of those who growl and those who work; and each class is alike devoted to its own mission. But when it comes to the relative worth in the community of the two classes, everybody can see the difference.

IT is an old saying and a true one that God helps those who help themselves. In an immense majority of cases the circumstances by which men suffer themselves to be overcome might be controlled and surmounted by vigorous effort.

INDEPENDENT is he who has no wants which he cannot gratify without the least risk of being overtaken by debt or tempted to dishonor; a man ten times richer, but with twenty times more wants, is in reality twice as poor.

THE one prudence in life is concentration, the one evil is dissipation, and it makes no difference whether our dissipations are coarse or fine—property and its cares, friends and social habit, or politics, or music, or feasting.

TRY the effect of good will and hope upon the man who has wrapt himself in the covering of a reckless and sullen despair, and you will see verified the old apologue of the sun, the wind and the traveler.

GAYETY and a light heart, in all virtue and decorum, are the best medicine for the young, or rather for all. Solitude and melancholy are poison; they are deadly to all, and above all to the young.

A HABIT of courtesy is like a delicate wrapping which prevents one personality from rubbing and chafing against another; and it thus prevents much of the friction and irritation of life.

KIND thoughts will often suggest a silence which has not been demanded. The suggestion that it might be better not to repeat something is one that should never be disregarded.

WE have to be faithful in small things as well as in great. We are required to make as good a use of our one talent as of the many talents that have been conferred on us.

SEE what a life the gods have given us, set round with pain and pleasure! It is too strange for sorrow, it is too strange for joy!

WE are always complaining that our days are few, but acting as though there would be no end of them.

BELIEVE not rashly nor reject obstinately.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

READER.—The word "tacky" is used among artists to denote the half-dry condition of a picture. Thus, when it is "tacky," the artist considers it the proper time to work it up into a state of finish.

E. E. N.—May and June are the months in which moths lay their eggs. It is well to examine any furs or winter clothing that may be laid by. Placing a shallow vessel filled with turpentine in the wardrobe or clothes closet will destroy moths and all other insects.

S. M.—A baggala is a swift-sailing, two-masted vessel used by the Arabs in trading between the Malabar and the Red Sea, and sometimes, formerly, for piracy. Its average number of tons is about 200. The word is pronounced bag-ga-la, the accent on the first syllable.

P. F.—As long ago as 1880 the United States had nearly 38,000,000 acres under wheat; in 1892 there was only about the same area. In the meantime the population has grown by about 15,000,000. In other words, the wheat acreage has been stationary, while the population has increased by 30 per cent.

E. F. G.—The first English duke was Edward the Black Prince. He was created Duke of Cornwall by his father, Edward III., in 1337. The order of baronets was established by James II., in 1611. The title of marquis was first bestowed by Richard II., on his favorite, Robert De Vere, Earl of Oxford, created Marquis of Dublin in 1386. The title of viscount was long in use in France before it was bestowed on any person in England. The first person who held it was John Beaumont, created Viscount Beaumont and Count of Boulogne, in France, in 1440.

C. H. C.—1. "Queen of my Soul" was written by Louisa Stuart Costello, a native of Ireland. She was quite a prolific author, her earlier poems attracting the attention of Thomas Moore, to whom she dedicated in 1835 her "Specimens of the Early Poetry of France." Her "Rose Garden of Persia" contains translations from and biographical sketches of the most famous poets. She was a sister of Dudley Costello, an author and journalist. His "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady" was dramatized in 1859. 2. The author of "A Wet Sheet and A Flowing Sea" is Allan Cunningham.

PERCY V.—The origin of railways is traced to a contrivance for simplifying the transit of coal from the mines in Northumberland and Durham to the places of shipment on the Tyne and Wear. The invention consisted of a double parallel line of wooden beams or trams, fixed to the ground and furnished with flanges to prevent the wheels of the cars from slipping aside. The motive power was furnished by horses. The date at which these roads were first used is set down by good authorities as between 1602 and 1649. In 1700, long slips of iron were placed on the wooden beams, in order to prevent the excessive wear and tear.

JACKSON.—In making waterproof clothing the rubber is dissolved, or melted into a liquid, and spread over cloth; the cloth is then pressed between rollers until the rubber is spread evenly over the surface, and is then dried. This makes single waterproof cloth. When two pieces of cloth are thus covered and pressed together between rollers they stick fast to each other and make double waterproof cloth. The rubber used is dissolved or melted usually in gas-tar oil, but sometimes in turpentine, but the turpentine is apt to smell badly. Rubber will also dissolve in ether, chloroform, naphtha and petroleum, but not in alcohol. Only an experienced person, with the necessary appliances to aid him, can do the work properly.

MARY J.—You acted rather hastily in the matter, and in all fairness should give the gentleman an explanation of your conduct. It is always best to ascertain the truthfulness of statements made regarding the character of friends and acquaintances, and thus avoid condemnation of actions that have taken place only in the mind of the person who first spread abroad the evil reports. We cannot agree in the statement that you love him devotedly. If this were the case, he would never have been dismissed without being afforded an opportunity of refuting the slanderous stories regarding his character. Your love would have rebelled against such a cruel method of disposing of him, and thus insured him a hearing. In all probability you desired to get rid of him, and quickly grasped the opportunity afforded by the circulation of the reports in question.

ELLIE H.—We sympathize with you in your disagreeable dilemma. It is almost always a mistake for a man's mother's to be in such a position that she can come between him and his wife. If the mother has not sufficient good sense to see what mischief she is making, the husband ought to fight the wife's battle, and not allow any interference with his home contrary to his wife's arrangements or opinion. If two women are in the same household and either of them is deficient in good taste and sound judgment, one of them must rule; but it is a position of difficulty that ought to be carefully avoided. A mother-in-law who has her proper share of consideration will watch carefully that she does not trench on the province of the mistress of her son's house. If she does take upon herself to interfere and strive for the first place, nothing but the plainest dealing will settle the difficulty, and in many cases it is better to make almost any pecuniary sacrifice than to have two jarring women under one roof.

BRIER-ROSE.

BY W. W. LONG.

Here where the dark blue waters leap
To gleaming sand with cool sweet kiss;
And tall white lilies wave in air
From grasses green, I send you this.
This little spray of tender bloom,
That grew where woods and waters meet;
I send you this from all the rest,
Because, my love, it is so sweet.

The language of its meaning, dear,
Full well I know you'll comprehend,
From light and shade that gathers round
Our love that shall go to the end.
A royal lily I to you might send
Or blood red poppy all complete;
But, dear, I send you only this,
Because it is so very sweet.

A Phantom Fortune.

BY A. Y. R.

MR. JESPER TODD, calling one morning at the lodgings of his friend, Tom Kirtley, found that individual in his easy-chair enjoying an after breakfast pipe. Mr. Todd, fresh from his own trim home, thought the room terribly dingy and untidy.

The breakfast-things were still on the table, the dust lay thick on the sideboard, a large cross-bred bull-terrier slept in a corner of the sofa, and Tom Kirtley's feet occupied the only spare chair. Mr. Todd knew not where to put his hat; yet his friend looked up at him with the smile of a perfectly contented man.

"Ah, old fellow," he said, "can't you find a place for your hat? Put it down on the sofa. Peter won't touch it."

But Mr. Todd evidently distrusted Peter, for he kept his hat in his hand.

"I think, Kirtley," he said, "you get worse, and I am sure your lodgings do. There was certainly a hat-stand in the passage the last time I was here."

"Yes," replied Mr. Kirtley, "there was; but I advised the old woman to sell it. The upstair lodgers would play at first man out take the best tile, and it bred bad blood. But sit down and have a smoke."

Mr. Todd refused to smoke, though he took the chair which had hitherto supported his friend's feet. He was, he said, on his way to a meeting of the committee of Mrs. Sampson Porlock's Society for the Promotion of Refinement among the Middle Classes; and though that body had not as yet passed a formal resolution on the subject, he thought the general feeling of the members was in favor of putting down the use of tobacco.

"Kate," he concluded, "wants you to come and lunch with us to-morrow. We have a meeting in the afternoon in connection with the society. Mr. Parter Peck will speak on 'Refinement in the School,' and we thought that you, as a teacher, would be interested in the subject."

Mr. Kirtley smiled.

"Your wife's very good," he said, and then stopped.

"Well, will you come?" asked his friend.

"Really, old fellow," replied he, "I don't like to refuse, though that kind of thing is out of my line altogether; but I'm afraid I can't. One Mr. John Lynch, solicitor, Silby-on-Stoar, is due to call here at eleven, and will probably want me all to-morrow. You didn't know I'd come into a fortune?"

"No; have you, though?" said Mr. Todd, in the doubtful tone of one who suspects at least exaggeration.

"Yes," replied his friend. "None of your nineteen-guinea legacies, but every penny of a hundred a year in Consols. You never knew my great-aunt, Mrs. Walker? No more did I, but she must have heard of me, for the doubtless veracious Lynch of Silby says she has left me her little all. We broke up two days ago. Her letter came yesterday, and I'm going to retire."

"Indeed," said Mr. Todd, as heartily as his somewhat formal manner would let him, "I am delighted to hear this, Kirtley. I have often suspected that your sphere of labor was uncongenial to you. And what do you intend to do now?"

"Do?" repeated Mr. Kirtley, looking puzzled; "do—why, nothing, of course. That is, if you mean in the way of work. As to amusement, I'm game for anything within the compass of two pounds a week. Just at present I think I shall stay in town as long as there is any decent cricket to watch, and then tramp or tricycle about the country during the autumn. In the winter I might pop over to Sweden for some skating. Living's cheap in Stockholm, and the fare over isn't much."

"But," remonstrated Mr. Todd, "you surely will, after your holiday, devote your life to some useful object? Why not go in for literature, or read for the bar, if you object to teaching?"

"Why not?" replied his friend. "Well, to speak in parables, do you think an emancipated cab-horse with the chance of kicking up his heels in a field for the rest of his days would prefer to go into a training stable? Work! Why, you rich men, with the fads you call useful occupations, don't know what it is. When next week's dinners depend on this week's wages, then you find out what it means. Besides, the crowd round the ladders which lead to fame and fortune is quite big enough without me."

"But," persisted Mr. Todd, "you, with your abilities, might easily pass through the crowd, and win a footing on a ladder."

"Might I?" rejoined the other. "What if my toes are tender, and can't stand the preliminary trampling! No, no; the crowd looks uncomfortable and the ladders unsafe. A hundred a year is more than my share of the common stock, and I'll be content with it."

"In my opinion," said Mr. Todd, "that spirit of content has been your greatest enemy. You were satisfied with a pass degree at Cambridge; you cheerfully accepted a situation of ninety pounds a year, and now for ten years you have contentedly remained in it without even trying to raise yourself in your profession. Why, your salary has only been increased ten pounds a year in all that time though I have often advised you to ask for more."

"When you knew very well," replied his friend, laughing, "that I wasn't worth it. No, the boss and I understood each other very well. He took the worry and the profits; I had the drudgery and the peace of mind. Each thought he had the best of the bargain."

"Well, then," persisted Mr. Todd, "putting ambition on one side, surely you will not be willing to lead an utterly useless life. Why not join us in doing good Mrs. Todd would make you an assistant-secretary directly."

"To which society?" asked Mr. Kirtley, with a twinkle in his eye. "Don't you remember when your wife was president of the Association for the Prevention of Young Women going out alone, I offered my services as an escort, and she wouldn't have 'em? Is that society still alive?"

"Well—er, no; not exactly," replied Mr. Todd. "You know the Dowager Countess of Featherly took it up because her son married that little milliner he used to meet going to work as he was going to bed; but when Featherly's wife reformed him, the Dowager made friends with her, and then turned round and ridiculed the society so much that we deemed it best to merge it in a more general mission. It really did useful work," concluded he, with a sigh.

"I dare say it did," replied the incorrigible Kirtley, "if you call that sort of thing useful. Did it never strike you that your plan of finding out what people like, and then forming a society to put it down, would bring the leisured classes to grief if you were strong enough to carry out your fads? The unmitigated dulness of his life would drive the working man to desperation, and he'd go for you and your just for the sake of a little excitement."

"I fear," said Mr. Todd, with the smile of conscious superiority, "we shall never agree upon the subject of philanthropic effort. But come up to Highgate as soon as you have settled matters with Mr. Lynch, and Kate shall talk to you."

Mr. Kirtley promised, and his friend went off to his meeting.

Tom Kirtley and Jesper Todd were natives of the same provincial town. Tom's father, whom everybody thought well-to-do, sent his son to college, and died without a penny; Mr. Todd, senior, left Jesper two thousand a year.

When Tom took a situation as assistant in a private school, Jesper came to London to look about him. He found and married a girl with a fortune nearly equal to his own, and the pair had for ten years devoted most of their energies and a little of their money to trying to enter "the best society" by the gate of pseudo-philanthropy.

They flattered themselves they had succeeded, if not in entering the gate, in undermining the approaches. They went on deputations to Home Secretaries; their names were often found in the obscurer corners of newspapers; occasionally their socities were the subject of a scoffing leader-etta. The notoriety hunter would rather be scoffed at than not noticed, so they were not without hope.

On the departure of his friend, Mr. Kirtley replaced his feet on the chair, refilled his pipe, and resumed his meditations. He was a very lazy man, and, strange to say, knew it. He did not, like most of his kind, blame everything but indolence for his want of success in life.

His life was rather lonely; disparity of income is, after all, a great bar to friendship, and as the friends of his youth rose in the social scale they dropped the habit of association with the man who remained behind.

Tom did not complain; prosperous men rather bored him than otherwise, they took things in such an absurdly serious way.

As to his moral character, he was a good-natured soul enough, though far too indolent to go out of his way to do a kindness. His dog he had picked up, a lost puppy, and he was very fond of it; but had it died, his joy at being free from the trouble it gave—a fighting bull-terrier is a pet not exactly suited to London lodgings—would probably have equalled his grief at its loss.

His tastes were simple, and his habits, even when on pleasure bent, economical. He had just decided that he would devote his savings, which he now felt justified in spending, to a long walking tour, when Mr. Lynch arrived.

The attorney was a rubicund, cheerful-looking personage—quite the right sort of man to arrange the transfer of a good legacy from a not too near relative.

Tom guessed from his manner that his clients were mostly farmers and small tradesmen.

"All the better for me," thought he. "Won't charge so much as a regular tip-top adviser to the county families."

"Mr. Kirtley, I presume," began the lawyer. "Allow me to congratulate you, sir. If you have no objection, will you call in your landlady just to have formal evidence of your identity? You have lived here eight years, I believe? Quite so; thank you."

The landlady was summoned and said what was required, whereupon Mr. Lynch continued:

"Can you oblige me by being at the Bank at ten to-morrow? Rather an inconveniently early hour for a Londoner, I fear"—Mr. Lynch had a fixed idea, probably based on his own habits when in town, that all Londoners went to bed at two A. M.—"but I like to combine pleasure with business on these little expeditions, and want to go to the Oval afterwards. I love a bit of good cricket."

"So do I, Mr. Lynch," rejoined Tom, "and I intended to look for it to-morrow at the same place, so, your time will just suit me."

"Won't you stay," he went on as the attorney rose to go, "and have something to eat? You must be ready for it after your journey. I have some decent stout on draught in the corner there, and they will cook us a steak in no time."

Mr. Lynch's merry eye glistened as he replied:

"Thank you, Mr. Kirtley; but I confess I am peckish, and stout and steak to equal the London articles we can't get in the country. Why, I don't know, but so it is. Cricketer yourself, sir?"

"When I'm not too lazy," replied Tom, and then they talked cricket till the steak was ready. After it had been eaten, Mr. Lynch again prepared to depart; but the pair was on capital terms by this time, and Tom detained him, saying:

"Sit down, man, and have a smoke. I want to talk to you about that legacy. You know, I never saw my great-aunt Walker. I suppose you knew her well?"

"I thought I did," replied the attorney; "but, to tell the truth, her will surprised me."

"Indeed!" said Tom. "Then I suppose I was not her nearest relation?"

"Well," said the attorney, hesitating "in the eye of the law you were. But—but the late Mr. Walker left two offspring. The widow, strange to say, on her husband's death forty years ago, took these offspring, a boy and a girl, to live with her, and everybody thought she would leave them her money. But it's my belief that she hated them—a precious life she led them, both, I've heard since her death—and this was her revenge on them, their mother, and their—well, to strain a point, call him father."

"Then, I presume," said Tom, "that my great aunt was not exactly an amiable character."

"There are people," replied Mr. Lynch enigmatically, "of whom, when alive, the law of slander, and when dead, custom, forbids us to speak our minds. I am very much afraid, sir, Mrs. Walker was one of them."

"But, Mr. Lynch," asked Tom, "how are these offspring, as you call them, situated? Forty years ago. Why, they must be middle aged now."

"Over fifty, both of them," replied Mr. Lynch. "But it is a sad story. The man is paralysed and half imbecile. The woman, though devoted to her brother, is a poor, helpless creature and not much more agreeable to those around her than her late, shall we say, stepmother? They must go into the House now, I suppose; the man anyhow won't cost the ratepayers much; he'll die, sure as eggs, if they separate him from his sister, as they probably will do."

Tom Kirtley was silent for a few minutes, and then he said:

"You have taken me quite by surprise, Mr. Lynch. I had no idea that there was anything of this kind in the wind. Can't something be done for them?"

"There was some talk down at Silby," replied Mr. Lynch, "of getting thirty families or so to subscribe a shilling a week each. But you know how that sort of thing generally ends; first one drops out, and then another; better let them go on the parish at once than come to it in the end."

"I wish," said Tom, after another pause, "the old woman had left them this money. I hate work, Mr. Lynch, and had intended to do no more, but I don't like the idea of that poor paralysed beggar going to the workhouse. I suppose I must try and do something for them."

"I don't think," said the attorney, "they have much claim on you, Mr. Kirtley. A man can hardly be expected to provide for the illegitimate offspring of his great-uncle by marriage."

"No," replied Tom. "It's not that. It's not their claim but my own peace of mind I'm thinking of. How much a week do you think they could manage with?"

"Well," said the attorney thoughtfully, "they had every material comfort in your aunt's house. She had a good income, though the bulk of her property reverts to some distant relatives of her husband in Canada. It was, if I may say so without offence, as an expert in the malicious use of the tongue that she took it out of them. I don't think, considering what they have been used to, that they would be comfortable with less than thirty shillings a week. Poverty is, after all, but a relative term."

"Quite right, Mr. Lynch," assented Tom; "I found that out when my poor father died and my allowance stopped. It took me a year or two to find out how to rub along on my salary. Will the Canadian people do anything?"

"Too pious," was the reply.

"Then," said Tom, "I think I had better turn this money over to them and have done with it."

"No, no, my dear sir," said the attorney, "don't do that. In the first place, they are not fit to have the absolute control of such a sum, and in the second, even if you are generous enough to let them have the benefit of it during their lifetime you will in all probability survive them, and might as well have the reversion. Meet me at the Bank as we arranged, and in the meantime think it over."

So saying Mr. Lynch departed, and Tom did think it over. The longer he thought, the more he felt that it would be what in his rough-and-ready system of ethics he called "a dirty trick" to take the money.

"Bother the old woman!" he said to himself. "Why couldn't she leave her money to those who expected it? Can't let that poor beggar go to the work-house, anyway. Wish Lynch had held his tongue and left me in blissful ignorance. Let me see, now. The dividend will be a hundred and one pounds five; had better do the thing well if I do it at all; what with medical comforts, etc., thirty-five bob a week won't leave 'em much to squander foolishly. I'll give them that, and keep the odd ten pounds for 'bacey and emergencies. Dare say Lynch will consent to be almoner. He seems a good sort."

With this he dismissed the subject from his mind, and in the morning told Mr. Lynch the resolution he had formed. The attorney did not attempt to persuade him to change his mind, and refused to charge anything for his professional services in the affair. The pair spent the day together, and parted the best of friends.

According to his promise Tom went next day to the house of his friend, Mr. Jesper Todd. He found that philanthropist and his wife at afternoon tea, and for once in a way there were no visitors present.

"Well, Kirtley," began Mr. Todd "what about the legacy?"

"There isn't any legacy," replied Tom, "or at least only the shreds of one," and he explained the circumstances of the case.

"I wish," he said in conclusion, "the power of making wills was taken away from spiteful old women."

Mr. and Mrs. Todd looked at each other rather guiltily. The fact was, Mrs. Todd's money had come from a spiteful old woman to whom she had been companion, and whose crowd of needy relatives had said nasty things about her will.

"Don't you think, Kirtley," said Mr. Todd to change the subject, "that you have been rather rash? How do you know this man Lynch's tale was true?"

"Oh, I know a liar when I see him," replied Tom lightly. "Lynch is a real good sort. Insisted on taking me to the match yesterday, and stood dinner, and the play afterwards. I'm off to Silby next week to stay with him for a month, and make the acquaintance of my pensioners."

After this it was clearly no use maintaining that Mr. Lynch might be a swindler, so Mrs. Todd expressed a hope that Mr. Kirtley might find his pensioners worthy his bounty.

Mr. Kirtley laughed.

"Oh! I don't expect that," he said. "The man's a malicious idiot, and the woman drinks a little. But you can't wonder at it after the life they've led."

Mr. and Mrs. Todd both descanted upon this flagrant neglect of the first principle of all true charity—worthiness in the recipient; but they produced little effect on Tom, who remarked, as if in excuse of what he had done, that the pair would probably die soon.

"You say that, Mr. Kirtley," said Mrs. Todd severly, "almost as if you hoped they would."

"Hope they will!" echoed Tom. "Of course I hope they will; why should I wish them to live? But I must go now, as I'm due to see Lynch off from King's Cross at six-thirty."

When he had gone, his two friends shook their heads over him sadly, and remarked feelingly on his heartlessness. They agreed that it would have been quite the proper thing to allow the wretched creatures to go to the workhouse, where the woman's love of drink could have been put under control, but to express a wish for their death was an outrage on the decency of conversation.

Perhaps it was; but on the whole it was lucky for Mr. Walker's unhappy offspring that Mrs. Walker left her money to a man who picked his words less carefully than Mr. Jasper Todd.

AUSTRALIAN SHARK TALES.

WE have plenty of fine fish here, writes an Australian correspondent; and fishing is a pastime that is thoroughly enjoyed along our coastal towns.

The shark is the pest of the fisherman. He eats the bait. He catches himself on the hook, and the fisherman has a hard and dirty fight to kill the shark and to remove the hook.

He makes boating dangerous, and sea-bathing to be avoided, so far at least as the open is concerned.

In offering this contribution, I do not pose as a naturalist. My knowledge of sharks is not greater than that of any newspaper reader.

I have been informed that they are warm-blooded, with seven rows of erectile teeth, and that they are very voracious. I have heard that they will not eat a black man, but that they are particularly attentive to a white one if he happens to get into the water.

What I wish my readers to understand is that I have a friend and neighbor who is by trade a diver.

The following tales come directly from his lips to my ears. My friend the diver is passably educated, sober, hard-working, intelligent, and observant.

His duties varied and various. At one time he is engaged on a sunken ship; at another at a sunken rock. He may be deepening a channel, enlarging a harbor, or laying the foundation of a bridge. He may possibly be engaged in "jumping" a hole in the solid rock, and then inserting a charge of dynamite.

The dynamite is discharged by electricity, the diver having taken care in the meantime to remove himself sufficiently from the scene of action.

It is not necessary here to do more than to refer to the diver's dress. There are weights on the feet by which the diver can move about at the bottom; there is a helmet upon the head.

The hands are bare, the sleeve of the dress being confined at the wrist by an elastic band. Air is pumped down from a boat on the surface, and the respired air escapes by a valve.

The wages of my friend the diver are five dollars per day. The sum is probably larger than the wages of one who follows a similar occupation at "home."

The reason of the difference is not hard to assertion.

In Australia, the reward of labor is higher generally, and the dangers of this particular profession are considerably greater than those attending divers around the coast of Great Britian and Ireland.

First, in fancy at all events, among these dangers are those attributable to sharks. And here I draw upon the observation and address you in the language of my friend the diver:

Sharks are very common all along the coast of Australia. They become more numerous, larger, and more voracious the nearer we go to the equator.

Passengers who make ocean voyages may often see them from the deck of their ship; but I see them in their native element.

A day seldom passes when I am at work that I do not see some of these creatures. They do not seem to recognize a diver when clad in his diving dress as something which is good to eat.

Probably he is mistaken for some other great sea-monster, with whom the shark would just as soon not measure his strength. At all events sharks rarely give us any active annoyance.

At first, when we go into a new country, they exhibit some curiosity. They sometimes come and inspect us and our work, moving slowly around us without perceptible motion, and smelling at us like great dogs.

It gives one a very horrible "feeling of insecurity," I assure you, when one of these monsters of twelve or fourteen feet long runs his nose around your body, and without even a solitary "wag" of his tail to indicate good fellowship.

The shark will swim away right enough when he has finished his inspection—at least, he always has done so with me—and although annoying, I can stand it now.

Sometimes, when you go down of a morning, you will find half-a-dozen big and little sharks who have evidently selected the site of your operations as a camping-down.

This is awkward. Perhaps they have observed the disturbance at the bottom of the sea, and like marine constables they "are waiting for the fellow who made it, to run him in."

This is an awkward experience, for these sharks do not clear off and admit your claim. They say all animals have a fear of man; but sharks cannot recognize a man in a diver's costume.

They neither oppose no assist us in our operations; they simply ignore us. We have to be very careful, then, walking round about these lazy pigs without disturbing them.

I have occasionally used a small crowbar as a weapon, and struck a small shark on the nose when he was annoying me with his persistency.

The shark will then turn and go off with a rush. I would not, however, like to try my crowbar on a shark ten feet long. After his rush away, he might return for further investigation.

I have had many nasty adventures with sharks when pursuing my occupation; I recollect one that gave me a considerable shock. I had been engaged blowing up a reef of rocks so as to enlarge a little harbor on the coast.

It was my duty to make the hole and put in the charge of dynamite. The charge was exploded in the evening after we left off work.

On going down every morning I was accustomed to go over to a certain ledge which was always a good resting-place for lobsters.

Morning after morning I had invariably found a pair or more of these crustaceans, which I sent to the surface in a basket.

On the morning to which I now refer, I walked straight to the ledge and ran my hand carefully along its lower side. I was surprised to find my hand scraping what I took to be the rock; but I was surprised still more when I observed my hand groping within a foot of the mouth of a great shark which had retired to rest in this cavity.

The shark must have been as much alarmed as I was, for it made one spring from its resting place and disappeared in the dark wall of ocean. The shock to me was greater than I could have believed, and even yet I do not care to think about it much. It is hardly necessary to say that I did not return to that ledge for lobsters for some time.

On another occasion, a big fellow came alongside me where I was working. I stopped, of course, and stepped back quietly to let him pass. But he did not. He came nearer. I then thought he was curious, but soon found that another feeling than curiosity was moving him.

As I retreated he still advanced, until I found myself jammed up against the rock. I could retreat no farther, and yet the brute came on determinedly.

But instead of approaching me with his long nose—for you don't see his jaws—he turned on his side and began to rub up against me. I had a small "jumper" in my hand, which I held with the point outwards against the skin, as I did not wish to have his rough skin scoring along my dress. It was something like what a cow would be rubbing against you.

The iron on his skin was, however, the very thing he wanted, as he soon gave me to understand. I was kept there at least half an hour scratching that monster with the sharp iron.

He took it like a pig, bending his body and turning over on his side so as to present a fresh surface to the jumper. I suppose he must have felt easier for the operation, for after a time he moved away; I had one or two further visits from him on following days, one of which I was obliged to scratch him for a time.

I think he must have recognized me as a kindly and effectual scratcher. I imagine he was suffered from some parasitical or skin disease, to which he may have fallen a victim. Otherwise, I might be in that scratching billet still.

One of the boys who worked in the boat once inserted a charge of dynamite in a sheep's head; the charge was of course attached to the battery by wire. After we had "knocked off," we threw in the sheep's head. In about ten seconds the head was "taken in" by a small shark.

In ten seconds more there was an explosion, and fragments of shark were abundant. In certainly less than a minute afterwards the sea was almost alive with sharks contending for a relic of their deceased kin-shark. This experience was, however, obtained from the surface, and what I pride myself most on is that I see these creatures from below.

My friend the diver related many other tales, and imparted to me many curious circumstances of his life under the sea, to which at some other period I may be permitted to refer. Enough has been said to give us a glimpse of shark-life which it is not permitted for every man to see.

A SPIRITUALIST SOLD.—An old gentleman, apparently from the country one day entered the room of this medium, and expressed a desire for a "sperit communication." He was told to take a seat at the table, and to write the names of his deceased relatives. The medium, like many others, incorrectly pronounced the term "deceased" the same as "diseased," sounding the s like z. The old gentleman carefully adjusted his "specs," and did what was required of him. A name and relationship having been selected from those written, the investigator was desired to examine and state if they referred to one party. "Wal, I declare they do!" said he. "But I say, Mister, what has them papers to do with a sperit communication?" "You will see directly," replied the medium. Whereupon the latter spasmodically wrote a "communication," which read somewhat as follows: "My Dear Husband, I am very glad to be able to address you through this channel. Keep on investigating, and you will soon be convinced of the fact of spirit-intercourse. I am happy in my spirit-home; patiently awaiting the time when you will join me here, etc. Your loving wife, Betsy." "Good gracious! but my old woman can't be dead," said the investigator, "for I left her to hum!" "Not dead!" exclaimed the medium. "Did I not tell you to write the names of "deceased" relatives?" "Diseased!" returned the old man; "wal, she ain't anything else, for she's had the rumatiz orfully for six months!"

JENNY LIND.—At a certain German town, in the summer of 1846, there was a tremendous furore about Jenny Lind, who, after driving the whole place mad, left it on her travels early one morning. The moment her carriage was outside the gates, a pack of rampant students, who had escorted it, rushed back to the inn, demanded to be shown Jenny's bedroom, and swept like a whirlwind up stairs into the room indicated to them, tore up the sheets, and wore them in stripe as decorations. An hour or two afterwards a bald old gentleman of amiable appearance, an Englishman, who was staying at the hotel, came to breakfast at the table d'hote, and was observed to be very much disturbed in mind, and to show great terror whenever a student came near him. At last he said to some one who came near him at table, "You are an English gentleman, I observe. Most extraordinary people there German students: as a body, raving mad gentleman." "Oh, no," said somebody, "only excitable, but very good fellows, and very sensible." "By Jove, sir," returned the old man, still more disturbed, "there's something political in it, and I am a marked man. I went out for a little walk this morning, after shaving, and while I was gone"—he fell into a perspiration as he told it—"they burst into my bedroom, tore up my sheets, and are now patrolling the town in all directions with bits of 'em in their button-holes." In the confusion, the students had gone into the wrong room.

Saved.

BY S. U. W.

MY boy Mark had asked me to invite his betrothed to the Cedars, and having made Mark's wishes my law during the twenty-eight years of his life, I at once wrote to Miss Doris Mayburn and gave her a cordial invitation to visit me!

She accepted in a graceful, pretty note that prepossessed me in her favor, and at the time appointed I drove to the station and met her when the train arrived. As she was the only passenger who left the train at our station, I had no trouble about finding her, and greeted her affectionately.

She was very, very pretty: pure blonde, with a face like one of Raphael's cherubim, almost babyish in its round outlines, wondering blue eyes, and short golden curls. She was very small, with helpless, childlike ways, and I wondered greatly at my boy's choice.

For Mark my grandson, orphaned in infancy, had grown to manhood under my care, and was a man grave, and rather sedate, of stern rectitude, devoted to his profession—that of a lawyer—and the last man in the world I should have expected to fall a victim to a baby face and childlike manner. And yet, he loved Doris Mayburn with the first true, strong love of his heart, and saw only perfection in her caressing ways.

In less than a week I ceased to wonder at Mark's infatuation. Doris was, without exception, the most lovable person I ever met in my long life of varied experience. She was nineteen years old, and had been most carefully educated, and behind her baby face had a well-stocked brain.

Her singing was simply perfect for an amateur, and she played well, though her fingers were seldom on the piano keys except to accompany her sweet, pure voice.

One of her great charms was the tender deference she paid to my age, without seeming even to consider me too old for a confidante and companion. We saw Mark only from Saturday afternoon till Monday morning as the Cedars was too far from London for daily trips.

But although Doris talked often of her betrothed, of the preparations for her approaching wedding, she never seemed weary or dull in our quite life. She read well, and we passed hours with our favorite authors; she sang for me; she worked me a gorgeous sofa, cushion, and we walked and drove out together.

But through all the charms of her manner, the innocent caressing ways habitual to her, there was an expression in her violet eyes that perplexed me. It was not sufficiently defined to be fear—more like a shadow of fear—and it was brief, passing away like a summer cloud across the sunshine.

Often she would lock her little hands together, till the pressure looked as if it must pain her, while in her eyes would come a hungry look as if she was controlling some violent emotion by a great effort.

She had been at my house about three weeks, when I began to be troubled about the extra servant I had hired as her maid. She was a young girl from Ashurst, our post-town, who had been highly recommended to me by one of my own old servants, and she was willing and respectful; but I doubted her honesty.

Having had the same servants about me for years—women of tried principle—I had become careless about locks and keys, and seldom used them; but little trifles of value began to disappear most marvellously after Jane came. A gold pencil-case with diamond top, that had belonged to my husband, was the first thing that I

missed; then followed a card-case of silver; small trinkets disappeared, and I was thinking Jane must be sent away, when, one morning, going unexpectedly to my room, I saw, though the open door, a reflection in my mirror.

Unseen myself, I watched Doris Mayburn as she softly opened my box of jewels, took out a pair of diamond earrings, and put them upon the bureau.

In her eyes was the look of fear, now positive, defined terror; and her tiny hands worked convulsively as she held them over the trinkets. Suddenly she snatched them, secreted them in her pocket, turned, and saw—me.

With a cry that was terrible to hear, it was so full of despair, she literally threw herself at my feet, moaning as if in pain. I stood erect, looking at her. I am an old woman, and the new names for lady-like stealing were unknown to me.

My grandson's betrothed grovelling at my feet, was simply a thief, who had robbed me, and allowed an innocent servant to be suspected: for she knew my resolution regarding Jane. Presently she looked up.

"You will not tell Mark?" she said, imploringly. Then, seeing, I suppose, my utter disgust in my face, she cried:

"I cannot help it. You may blame me as you will, I cannot resist the inclination to steal. I do try, but when I see small articles I must take them. I do not want them; I will give you all I have taken back again, but I shall probably steal them again when I see an opportunity. I must do it!"

Then I took her from the ground, and looked into her eyes, trying to read the insanity I was sure was upon her. She lay in my arms like a child, sobbing pitifully, repeating her assertion of inability to resist the desire to steal, till, against my own reason, in spite of my rectitude and common sense, I found myself petting and pitying her, as if she was the victim of a fever.

But I would not promise to keep secret what I had discovered. Though I was won over to most profound pity, I shrank from the idea of my boy's wife being a thief.

It was a strange coincidence that on the very same evening Mark came home for his weekly visit, while we were chatting in the drawing room, and said, gravely:

"I had a very painful case presented to me this morning. One of our leading city men wanted me to defend his daughter, who is the victim of kleptomania."

I felt Doris, who sat near me shiver, and slip an ice-cold hand into mine.

"Perhaps, you ladies," continued Mark, "do not know that kleptomania is the new name for fashionable theft. We are old-fashioned folks here, and have always called a thief, a thief! It is monstrous," he said, his eyes flashing, "to defend stealing because the thief is in a high social position."

"But," I said, "they plead the temptation is irresistible."

"So may any thief plead! Supposing I were to walk into a bank, and feel an irresistible desire to run away with a few thousand pounds' worth of bank notes. Do you imagine judge and jury would acquit me?"

"But," I urged again, "if you had a dear friend a victim to this disease—if it is a disease—would you judge her so sternly?"

"I would. I could far sooner forgive a poor, starving wretch who took my purse when driven by want to crime, than I could a thief, who, needing nothing robbed me, and called the robbery kleptomania."

"But if it were a lady, delicate and refined, you would not send her to share the prison of common felons?"

"I would if she had fitted herself for their society by sharing their crime. Indeed, I should judge such a case far more severely, for there is no shadow of excuse for it. A poor girl, ignorant and starving, would have far more leniency at my hands than a lady who could so lower herself."

I looked for Doris. She was pale as death, and in her eyes was a steady, mournful look I had never before seen there.

"Mark," she said, "if you had a dear friend who was afflicted with kleptomania, how would you advise her to overcome the temptation?"

Something in the voice of his betrothed moved Mark deeply, for he replied with a strange solemnity.—

"As the other temptations must be overcome—by constant struggle and fervent prayer."

I thought the time had come for these two to fully understand the painful position, and made some excuse to leave the room.

Not until I heard my boy go upstairs to his own apartment would I re-enter the drawing room. Doris was there, deathly pale, but with a certain womanly expression new to her sweet face.

"I have told him," she said; and her voice sounded hollow and forced. "He will not give me up, but I have resolved to leave you all for a long, long time. I will try to overcome the affliction of my life by struggle and prayer, as my darling advises. If I conquer I will return; if not, Mark's wife shall never be a thief."

She rose as she spoke, and, kissing me fondly, went to her room. I thought to have a long talk with her, to offer sympathy and counsel, but in the morning we found her room vacant, the bed undisturbed. She wrote to me soon, telling me she had walked to Ashurst and had caught the last train to London.

"I leave home to-day," she wrote, "and unless I can come back to you cured I will come back no more."

In her room she found all the little trinkets I had supposed were in Jane's hands. Mark and I talked often and gravely of the child he loved, sometimes hopefully, but often, as time wore away, sadly. For my grandson had repented often of his harsh, stern judgment, and was willing to think there was really a disease in fault.

"And yet," he would say, with mournful eyes, "if it was kleptomania that made Doris take your trinkets, why should we have sent to penal servitude the burglar who was caught stealing the plate a few years ago? That poor wretch was driven to crime by starvation, but there was no sentimentality in his lawyer's plea. He was merely a thief, and received the punishment of a thief."

"And you would send Doris to prison, too?"

"Heaven forbid! I cannot cease to love her, and pray that she may come back to us, as she promised."

On two years wore away, and we thought Doris was lost to us. Mark came every week, as usual, to spend Sunday with me, and we talked of his betrothed as we talk of the dearly loved dead.

One Saturday afternoon I was in my own room, sewing, when a knock upon my door was followed by the entrance of a lady, a little lady, who stood hesitating about entering, till I said,—

"Doris, dear child, welcome!"

Then she nestled in my arms in the old loving way. But in her face I read the truth I longed to see, the principle that had overcome her temptation, the triumph of prayerful effort.

The baby-look was gone, and the violet eyes, retaining all their sweetness, were full of gentle dignity. The baby manner, too, had vanished in a quiet lady-like deportment, very graceful and winning.

"My dear, dear child," I said, taking off her hat and sacque, "you are more than welcome."

"You will believe me, then," she said, earnestly, "when I tell you I have conquered that horrible inclination?"

I assured her most warmly of my sincere belief in her statement, my deep joy in her triumph. She told me of her struggles, her prayers, and the gradual wearing away of the desire to appropriate the property of others.

"For a year," she said, "I have purposely watched the opportunities for theft, for you are the only one who ever detected me, the only person, expecting Mark, who knows of my old infirmity. I could have stolen largely from friends I visited, for even my own parents knew nothing of my besetting sin. But the desire has left me. Mark may trust me!"

And Mark did trust her, and has never regretted his confidence. He comes, with his wife and children, to pass the summer months at the Cedars and he is not more stern and strict in his teaching to the little ones of the value of honesty, than is Doris his wife, who once believed herself an incurable kleptomania.

THE LITTLE HIGH CHAIR.—There was an auction at one of the cheap auction houses, recently. A pale, sad-faced woman, in a plain, cotton gown, stood in a crowd. The loud-voiced auctioneer finally came to a lot of plain and somewhat worn furniture. It had belonged to the pale woman, and was being sold to satisfy the mortgage on it.

One by one the articles were sold. The old bureau to one, the easy rocker to another, and the bedstead to a third. Finally the auctioneer hauled out a child's high chair. It was old and rickety, and as the auctioneer held it up everybody laughed—everybody excepting the pale-faced woman. A tear trickled down her cheek.

The auctioneer saw it, and somehow a lump seemed to come up in his throat, and his gruff voice grew soft. He remembered a little high chair at home, and how it once filled his life with sunshine.

It was empty now. The baby laugh, the two little hands that were once held out to greet "papa" from the high chair were gone for ever. He saw the pale faced woman's piteous looks, and knew that in her eye the rickety chair was more precious than if it had been made of gold and studded with diamonds.

In imagination he could see the little dimpled cherub which it once held; could see the chubby little fists grasp the tin rattle box and pound the chair full of nicks; could see the little feet which had rubbed the paint off the legs; could hear the crowing and laughing in glee—and now—the little high chair was empty. He knew there was an aching void in the pale-faced woman's heart; there was in his own.

Somehow the day may come and go, but you never get over it. There is no one to dress in the morning, no one to put to bed at night.

"Don't laugh!" said the auctioneer, softly, as somebody facetiously offered a shilling, "many of you have empty high chairs at home which money would not tempt you to part with." Then he handed the clerk a paper out of his own pocket, and remarked, "Sold to the lady over there," and as the pale-faced woman walked out with the little high chair clasped in her arms, and tears streaming down her cheeks, the crowd stood back respectfully.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Vermont and New Hampshire grow more slowly than any other States in the Union, and the former seems, as nearly as may be, a finished and fenced in community. Old as the State is, one county has less than 4000 inhabitants, and another less than 10,000. Villages in both States are drained of their young men, who go to Boston or New York in search of careers not to be found at home.

The Princess Bismarck conducts her house on this free-and-easy plan: Breakfast is served at all hours in the morning, each member of the family and each guest appearing only when ready. Dinner is supposed to be served at half-past three, but it is generally four o'clock before the party is gathered round the board. Then they have coffee, and at about eight o'clock a somewhat promiscuous supper is served.

Too many Englishmen marry American brides for their money—so declare a portion of the Transatlantic Press, enumerating their countrywomen who have bestowed themselves and their fortunes on British aristocrats. Over 10 000 000 pounds sterling in cash have lately found their way to England in this fashion. The remedy suggested is to levy a tax of 50 per cent. on the dowry of an American girl marrying any foreign nobleman and 75 per cent. if the bridegroom is an Englishman.

A New Haven street railway company has hit upon a new plan to prevent riders handing their transfer checks to friends. A set of miniature heads is now printed on each check. The first is of a smooth-faced man, the second the head and face of a mustached man, the third wears side-whiskers, and the fourth has a full beard. Of feminine heads there are only two classifications—one in a bonnet, and one without—the presumption being that the fair sex would not be apt to resort to any fare dodging.

A considerable quantity of evidence has been collected of a power in tobacco to destroy the micro-organism of cholera. Herr Wernicke wrapped cultures in cigars, inoculated them with sterile dry and moist unsterilized leaves, immersed them in infusions, and enveloped them in tobacco smoke, and in every case they disappeared in a few hours, except in a five-per-cent. infusion, when they lived thirty-three days. Tarsinari found that they were usually killed after thirty minutes' exposure to tobacco fumes. Immunity from cholera has been observed among workmen in tobacco factories.

The latest royal convert to cyclism is the King of the Belgians, who now takes an hour or two's exercise regularly every morning on a tricycle in one of the avenues. For some time past Leopold II has suffered from lameness in one leg, on which massage and various other remedies have been tried in vain. It is under the strong advice of Dr. Thirlar that his Majesty has at last began cycling, a mode of locomotion to which he entertained till lately a particular aversion. Prince Albert, of Belgium, is so ardent a cyclist that the head of the cavalry riding school is in despair.

According to recent French statistics about half the population of France live by agriculture; a tenth by trade; a twenty-fifth by the liberal professions, and three-fiftieths on private incomes. Of the agriculturists 9 276,000 are owners who farm their own land. The others are tenant farmers, graziers, laborers or small proprietors, who in their spare time work for others. The mines, quarries and manufactures employ 1 300 000 persons, while 6 093 000 are engaged in various petty industries. Among trades there are 700 000 bankers, commission agents and wholesome merchants, 1,895,000 shopkeepers and 1,194,000 keepers of hotels, cafes and public houses.

According to some recent statistics on the cost of living, an Englishman spends, on an average, $48 a year for food; a Frenchman, $47; a German, $42; a Spaniard, $33; an Italian, $24, and a Russian, $23. Of meat the Englishman eats 100 pounds a year; the Frenchman, 87; the German, 64; the Italian, 26, and the Russian, 52. Of bread the Englishman consumes 380 pound; the Frenchman, 549; the German, 560; the Spaniard, 480; the Italian, 400, and the Russian, 635.

When "Sunset" Cox was in Congress he had had some things to say about a citizen of Illinois, and Representative Cannon—noted for the violence of his gestures—wanted to defend his constituents. "Will the gentleman from New York yield to me?" said Mr. Cannon. "Certainly," said Mr. Cox. "For how long?" inquired the Speaker, "As long as the gentleman from Illinois will keep his hands in his pockets," said Mr. Cox, laughingly. Mr. Cannon accepted the terms and proceeded with his remarks. He uttered just one sentence and a half, and then his hands, which had been snugly stuck into his pockets, came out and were flying through the air like a couple of wind mills. "Time's up," said Mr. Cox, who knew his man, and then Mr. Cannon sat down.

THINNESS OF VENEER.—Few people have an idea how thin a sheet of veneer may be cut with the aid of improved machinery. There is a firm in Paris which makes a business of cutting veneers, and to such perfection have they brought it that from a single tusk thirty inches long they will cut a sheet of ivory 150 inches long and twenty inches wide. Some of the sheets of rosewood and mahogany are only a fiftieth of an inch in thickness.

PATENTS

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Our Young Folks.

FOUND ON THE SEASHORE.

BY D. K.

IN one of my West African expeditions I had the honor of being presented to a native king, who was so monstrously fat and heavy that the only exercise (if such it could be called) which he was capable of taking was to be wrapped up in a huge blanket, and swung to and fro by four stalwart negroes for an hour or more at the time, after he had gorged himself with food.

Seldom, indeed, have I seen anything in the form of a man more like a brute; but even King Bobo's greediness and laziness found their match in another glutton of a widely different kind, whose history I am now about to relate.

On a fine afternoon in the early autumn, two persons—an old man and a young girl—were strolling along the seashore in one of the wilder parts of Western Scotland.

Above the narrow strip of sandy beach along which they were walking a vast wall of grim black cliff rose sheer up to a height of several hundred feet, every ledge of which was alive with the screaming and fluttering of sea-birds of every kind.

The old gentleman, who was one of the most eminent naturalists in Britain, noted with a watchful eye every peculiarity of color, shape, and way of flying exhibited by these restless cruisers of the air.

In vain did the young lady call his attention to the grandeur of the precipices and the beauty of the sunlit waters: he had eyes for nothing but the sea birds.

"Do look at the view, Professor!" cried Miss Goodharte at length, in a somewhat sharp tone to her companion, over whom, as an old friend that she had known from her childhood, she was rather inclined to tyrannize.

"This is just the place to see it at its best, and you're losing it all with staring at those stupid birds!"

"Those 'stupid birds,' my dear," answered the old man in a tone of gentle rebuke, "are a great deal cleverer than I am, and can teach me a good many things which I don't know, and which I should be very glad to know; and so you must forgive me if I seem to pay too much attention to them, and too little to you."

Somewhat confused by this quiet reproof, the young lady turned her face away, and, in doing so, caught sight of something which diverted her attention in a moment.

"Look there!" she exclaimed eagerly, "what's that black and white spot on the sand yonder? Can it be a bird?"

"It is a bird," answered the Professor. "It's a sea-bird of some kind, and it looks to me like a black backed gull."

"But what can it be doing lying there?" said Miss Goodharte. "I don't see it move—can it be asleep?"

"Dead, more likely," replied the great naturalist, who had seen only too often the dead bodies of those splendid birds washed ashore upon that beach by the tide, shot from some passing boat, in foolish and cruel sport, by thoughtless lads, who killed, for the mere pleasure of killing, birds which they could never hope to pick up, and which would have been utterly useless to them if they had done so."

"Oh, I hope not!" cried the kind-hearted girl pityingly. "Perhaps it may be only hurt; let us go and see if we can do it any good!"

And away she ran towards the motionless body, followed at a more leisurely pace by her companion.

When they came up to the spot, there lay before them, sure enough, a magnificent black-backed gull of unusual size, quite motionless, and, to all appearance, lifeless. It was half-buried in the sand which the wind had drifted up over it, and its long curving beak was wide open.

"Poor creature!" said Miss Goodharte compassionately; "it's quite dead. I suppose some of those horrid sporting tourists must have shot it."

The Professor, however, seemed to think otherwise.

"Not a bit of it!" cried he consolingly; "it's no more dead than I am. Look at the eyes—did you ever see a dead bird with its eyes open and clear like that?"

"Then it must be crippled or hurt in some way," said the young lady compassionately. "Isn't it a wicked shame to torture them like that just for fun? Poor thing! let's take it home with us and nurse it until it gets well."

But as she bent over the helpless bird and turned it over to free it from the clinging sand, her face assumed a look of surprise, and she said quickly—

"Where can it be hurt? Its legs and wings aren't broken, and I can't see a drop of blood anywhere upon its feathers. Isn't it odd?"

"Not odd in the least," answered the great Professor, who, though really one of the most kind-hearted men that ever breathed, was so far from having any pity for the fallen bird, that he was evidently almost bursting with suppressed laughter. "The bird is merely suffering from a complaint only too common among its species."

"What do you mean?" asked Miss Goodharte, looking puzzled.

"I mean," answered the old naturalist, giving vent to the laughter which he no longer attempted to restrain, "that the 'poor thing' has eaten too much, that's all."

And while the warm-hearted girl stood speechless with indignation at what seemed to her a coarse and unfeeling joke, the Professor added, with a sly smile—

"Well, if you don't believe me, see for yourself!"

And, so saying, he took up the gull and tossed it into the air.

Instantly, to Miss Goodharte's unbounded amazement, the "poor wounded creature" expanded its broad wings, and, tucking its legs neatly underneath it, soared up towards the sky, and was out of sight in a moment.

"You see now, my dear," said the old gentleman, laughing, "that your compassion was thrown away upon that glutton. It's a habit of these greedy fellows to lie torpid in that way for hours after gorging themselves to the full; and that's how they're very often caught or killed. However, that one will be all right now, and I daresay he'll live to over-eat himself many times more."

A MARVELLOUS MEMORY.

BY R. A. F.

A FRUITSELLER in Florence, more than two centuries ago, had in his employment a boy named Antonio Magliabechi, a plain-looking lad whose clothes were ragged and untidy, and who was so ignorant that he could not even read, his parents being too poor to send him to school.

All the same, Antonio was continually poring ove the leaves of the old books which were used for waste paper in the shop.

A neighboring bookseller, knowing the boy's ignorance, asked him one day what he meant by staring so hard at printed papers.

Antonio replied that he did not know how it was, but that he loved anything printed.

"I should be the happiest creature in the world," said he, "if I could live with you who have so many books about you."

The bookseller was both astonished and pleased with this answer, and told Antonio that he would be willing to take him as shop-boy if his present master consented to let him go.

Most likely the boy displayed no talent for the fruit trade, for he was allowed to depart without any hindrance; and, as you can imagine, he very soon learnt to read. Not only that, but he read everything he could lay hands on. Give him books, and he wanted nothing else; nor did he ever forget what he read.

Gradually it became noised abroad in Florence that there was a young fellow in a small bookseller's shop who was not only learned, but had an extraordinary memory.

The librarians of the Grand Duke of Tuscany went to see him, and were greatly impressed by his talents. To test his memory they resorted to the following trick.

A gentleman of Florence lent a manuscript, which he was about to publish, to Antonio, who read it and returned to him. Shortly afterwards he received a second visit from the author, who, with a doleful face, made pretence to him that the manuscript had been lost; and that he would be extremely grateful to him if he would write out what he could remember of it.

"Certainly," said Antonio; "come again in a few days." When the author returned he found that the young man with the memory had written out the whole thing, word for word.

Antonio not only remembered what was in the books, but also where they were kept.

One day the Grand Duke, whose librarian he now was, asked him if he thought it would be possible to get a certain rare book.

"No, sir, it is impossible," replied Antonio; "there is only one in the world, and that is in the Grand Signior's library at Constantinople, and is the seventh book on the second shelf on the right hand as you go in."

Antonio Magliabechi lived to be eighty years of age; and the number of books he read during his long life must have been immense.

His food was generally nothing but hard-boiled eggs and a draught or two of water; he had one straw chair for his bed and another for his table.

There he sat from morning till night and from night till morning, in the midst of piles upon piles of books.

All around his chair were festoons of cobwebs, and when visitors came to see him the sage called to them not to hurt his spiders.

The spiders are all gone now, and Magliabechi with the wonderful memory has passed away too; but you may see his name if you go to Florence, over the door of a library containing his great collection of books, which he left to his native city.

A CONTENTED FARMER.—Once upon a time Frederick, King of Prussia, surnamed "Old Fritz," took a ride, and espied an old farmer ploughing his acre by the wayside, cheerfully singing his melody.

"You must be well off, old man," said the king. "Does this acre belong to you on which you so industriously labor?"

"No, sir," replied the farmer, who knew not it was the king. "I am not so rich as that: I plough for wages."

"How much do you get a day?" asked the king.

"Eight groschen" (about twenty-five cents), replied the farmer.

"This is not much," said the king. "Can you get along with this?"

"Get along—yes," said the farmer; "and have something left."

"How is that?" asked the king.

"Well, if I must tell you," said the farmer, smiling, "two groschen are for myself and wife; with two I pay my old debts; two I lend away; and two I give away for the Lord's sake."

"This is a mystery which I cannot solve," said the king.

"Then I will solve it for you," said the farmer. "I have two old parents at home who kept me when I was weak and needed help, and now that they are weak and need help, I keep them. This is my debt towards which I pay two groschen a day. The next two groschen, which I lend away, I spend for my children, that they may receive Christian instruction. This will come handy to me and my wife when we get old. With the last two groschen I maintain two sisters, whom I could not be compelled to keep. This is what I give for the Lord's sake."

The king, apparently well pleased with the answer, said, "Bravely spoken, old man. Now I will also give you something to guess. Have you ever seen me before?"

"Never," said the farmer.

"In less than five minutes you shall see me fifty times, and carry in your pocket fifty of my likenesses," said the king.

"This is a mystery which I cannot unravel," said the farmer.

"Then I will solve it for you," said the king. Thrusting his hand into his pocket, and counting him fifty bran-new gold pieces into his hand, stamped with his royal likeness, he said to the astonished farmer, who knew not what was coming—"The coin is genuine; for it also comes from our Lord God, and I am his paymaster. I bid you adieu."

THIN FOLLIES.—To think that the more a man eats the fatter and stronger he will become. To believe that the more hours children study at school, the faster they learn. To conclude that if exercise is good for the health, the more violent and exhausting it is, the more good is done. To imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained. To act on the presumption that the smallest room in the house is large enough to sleep in. To argue that whatever remedy causes one to feel immediately better, is good for the system, without regard to more ulterior effects. To commit an act which is felt in itself to be prejudicial, hoping that, somehow or other, it may be done in your case with impunity. To advise another to take a remedy which you have tried yourself, without making a special inquiry whether all the conditions are alike. To eat without an appetite, or to continue to eat after it has been satisfied, merely to gratify the taste. To eat a hearty supper for the pleasure experienced during the brief time it is passing down the throat, at the expense of a whole night of disturbed sleep, and a weary waking in the morning.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

There are 20,000 different kinds of butterflies.

Worn-out billiard balls are usually cut up into dice.

A Liverpool school has added a class in phrenology.

There are 767 papers and periodicals published in Japan.

Over 2000 tons of horse-flesh are annually eaten in Paris.

Nearly a quarter of all cases of insanity are hereditary.

The price of an ordinary gold watch in 1759 was 150 guineas.

Rubber tires are being placed on fine carriages in New York.

Thirty persons have committed suicide on the Eiffel Tower.

Writing pens made from celluloid are coming into use in France.

There are over a million girls in England who are not likely to get married.

There are said to be quite 200,000,000 copies of the Bible scattered throughout the world.

A locomotive requires, on the average, about 45 gallons of water for every mile that it runs.

A speck of gold weighing a millionth part of a grain may be easily seen by the naked eye.

Taking it year in and year out the coldest hour of each 24 is 5 o'clock in the morning.

The vertical system of handwriting is being advocated by educators for use in public schools.

Sixty persons now occupy Robinson Crusoe's island, Juan Fernandez. They are cattle-herders.

The bark of the cherry tree is largely used for medicinal purposes by the Swedes and Finlanders.

The population of Russia annually consumes 635 pounds of grain per head; the United States 370.

Italy has the greatest proportion of criminals. They number 5146 to every million of population.

Ostrich taming is a very profitable industry in Africa, where it is computed there are over 150,000 tame birds.

The smokeless powder adopted by the Italian army has, it is said, irreparably damaged a large number of guns.

Homer mentions locks and keys, and Pliny attributed the invention of locks to Theodorus of Samos, B. C. 750.

A thousand millions of the animalcules found in stagnant water do not collectively equal the size of a grain of sand.

According to careful estimates, three hours of close study wear out the body more than a whole day of hard physical exertion.

In Moscow the winter cold is so intense that it freezes quicksilver, while the summer temperature is as high as that of Nice.

The European museums contain wedding-rings of wood, bone, ivory, brass, lead, tin, stone, iron, silver, gold, and other substances.

The eyes should be distant from each other exactly the breadth of an eye. A greater distance, according to an authority, indicates stupidity; a less, low cunning.

Among the Kondeh people, who live on Lake Nyassa, in Africa, the favorite form of suicide is to enter the water and allow one's self to be devoured by a crocodile.

A former Judge of Illinois asserts that autograph hunters have removed Abraham Lincoln's signature from every paper on file in the county courts of that State.

The largest waves are seen off Cape Horn, between latitude 55° south and longitude 105° west, rising to 46 feet in height, and measuring about 765 feet from crest to crest.

A dog in a New York tenement house discovered the building to be on fire, and aroused the inmates by barking furiously. He refused to leave the burning building until every one made their escape.

William Parker, a farmer, of Martinsville, Ind., died several weeks ago. Sixteen of his 24 children attended the funeral. In accordance with a request made by him, his remains were taken to the burial place in an ordinary farm wagon.

Every tramp arriving at Elkhart, Indiana, is first vaccinated, after which he is given a lunch, neatly wrapped in paper, by a hotel in that city, which charges the city 15 cents for every lunch prepared. A policeman then escorts the tramp to the corporation line, and he is bidden to move on.

Some months ago a young man of Warren, Indiana, wrote his name and address on an egg he was shipping, and a short time ago he received a letter from a resident of Sydney, Australia. The writer said that probably the sender might be interested in knowing how far this egg traveled in finding a customer.

A BIT OF JOY.

BY E. C. B.

A happy ray of sunshine came,
It lit the schoolroom like a flame,
The children laid the dull work down,
On each small head there was a crown,
On each small face a lovely light.
I trembled at the sunshine's might.

The sunshine's visit soon was o'er,
The cloud and darkness came once more,
But all the day there stayed, I thought,
The bit of joy the sunshine brought.

WINTER IN HOLLAND.

They do not, in the provinces of Holland, make quite enough provision for your comfort during the frigid winter's nights in the hotels. It is a trial to sleep between the ice-cold sheets of your bed at night. But it is much more of a trial when the waiter the next morning hammers hard at your door, and intimates to you that it is time to step forth into the freezing air of your bed-chamber.

No sooner is breakfast over than the charm of the Dutch winter gets hold of you. Warmed within, you laugh at the cold. Your skates are to hand—yonder three young collegians, home for the vacation, are arguing about them as they stand at the coat-rack and compare them with the approved but clumsy runners of Friesland.

The waiter has joined the collegians, and has already pointed towards you with a discreet token of respect. The scholars are deterred by no false or constitutional modesty from straightway accosting you as you approach to take up your blades. They are burning for information as to their price and special features. The upshot is that you form a fourth in their party, and all four of you hie forth into the nipping air to make tracks for the ice-course.

The ice-course is a mile from the town, away among the bleak heathery moorlands. It is a swamped meadow, garnished with cord railings, Venetian masts, with the flags of the nations clinging limply to them—thank goodness there is no wind!—two or three sheds for the sale of gin and ham sandwiches, a bandstand, in which five men, with flame-colored cheeks and with woollen comforters to the lips, alternately discourse in frenzied bursts of melody, and blow into their hands and beat their chests with their arms; and about five thousand spectators at one-and-eightpence each have already assembled on the meadow to see the much-desired race.

The three students have learnt a little English at Leyden, which quite absolves you from the need to mould what you flatter yourself—too often in vain—are both scholarly and intelligible Dutch sentences. They are good-natured fellows, like youths of their age and standing all the world over. Twice at their invitation ere you reach the course you drink gin with them. It is but a thimbleful at a time; but you learn thus how easy it is for the humble colporteur and men of his kind to squander in spirits the winter's earnings which ought to have been consecrated to wife and family.

You skate from the town to the course by the canal. The canal has been thus a highway since the middle of November. In both sides of it, near the town, a number of big-bowed green and black boats are frozen up; but the average Dutch boatman will not desert his home merely because it is transformed into a species of iceberg. The smoke curls upwards from his little cabin, and a row of stiff socks and stockings on a line between his chimney and what you may call his mainmast tells of the numerous offspring, who also have to live in the ice for a few months.

The canal ice is not so good as it might be. It is strong enough for anything. Mark, for example, yonder big dray laden with furniture, and crowned by an old woman nursing a baby—it is either a baby or a baby-shaped woollen bundle. With the men that draw it, the entire burden must be something in tons. Yet the ice does not even creak under the weight. But there is one fell consequence of this sort of traffic and that of the various market sledges, with sails set in the direction of the wind—all of which use the canal for their winter highway.

The ice is cut into deep ruts like an English country road in the wet season. This is not at all desirable for the mere pleasure-seeker. It entails constant caution, and not a few stinging tumbles in spite of the utmost care.

"Behold, sir," exclaims the most literate of the three students as the outskirts of the town are reached, and the tall whited spire of the town church now shows to the best advantage, domineering over the red and yellow houses of the citizens.

It is not the church that you are bidden to behold, but the splendor of the local "barn," of ice-course. Each country town in North Holland thinks its own course one of the finest in the realm. The weakness is a very excusable one.

IT MADE A DIFFERENCE.—"For goodness sake, Maulsby!" exclaimed Frisby, upon entering his office and finding a friend enjoying a smoke, "why don't you take that foul-smelling pipe out and bury it? I don't think I ever smelt anything quite so rank." "I agree with you," said Maulsby. "It's your pipe, Frisby. You left it down at my place last night; and, finding some of your tobacco here, I thought I'd have a smoke while awaiting your appearance. As you say, it is about the worst " "What! my favorite pipe—my old friend," interrupted Frisby. "Why, you don't know, my boy, how I have missed the treasure! I feared I had lost it." And Frisby took the pipe; but, instead of burying the "foul smelling" thing, he was soon puffing it vigorously.

A.: "How's the young doctor doing?" Dr. Pilsbury: "Doing? The upstart! He's stealing my patients, that's what he's doing. Why, last week old Hunks was ill; I told him he couldn't get well. I gave him up. And what does this young puppy do but step in and cure him, and that, mind you, after I'd given him up. Such conduct is a disgrace to the profession—the scoundrel!"

Grains of Gold.

We punish ourselves whenever we hate others.

Sin will behave itself a year to have its way an hour.

We all hate self when we see it crop out in somebody else.

That is but an empty purse that is full of other folk's money.

All true prayer is anointed with the blood of self-sacrifice.

Remember that now is the day of salvation; not to-morrow.

The man who will say a mean thing will sooner or later do one.

It is well to hope for success, but it is much better to deserve it.

We ought to find out that condemning other people will never justify us.

To be contented with what we have is about the same as to own the earth.

It takes some people a long time to find out that it never pays to worry.

To choose time is to save time, and an unreasonable motion is but beating the air.

The man who has the least in him is generally the one who talks the most about himself.

The essence of knowledge is, having it, to apply it; not having it, to confess your ignorance.

Prosperity and prudence are spelled differently, but they generally mean about the same thing.

Don't worry about the opinions of others, but live so that you can always respect yourself.

Mankind's struggle is upwards, in which millions are trampled to death, that thousands may mount on their bodies.

Femininities.

Most of the telegraph operators in Sweden are women.

The Empress of Russia has a dress for which she is said to have paid $15,000.

Lady Henry Somerset wants the Queen to confer orders of nobility upon women, just as she does upon men.

Mrs. Cumso: "That Mrs. Snooper asks everybody if her hat is on straight."
Mrs. Cawker: "Yes. It cost $50.

A woman at Alliance, Ohio, lived to be 76 years old, to die at last through a fall during a spell of somnambulism.

It's a remarkable fact that the women who consider marriage a failure are usually those who have never had a chance to try it.

Whatever may be the reason, fainting, which was formerly so common among women, has gone almost entirely out of vogue.

An army inspector says that blue eyes make the best shots. Many a man who has been struck by a pair of lovely blue eyes will confirm this.

Kind looks, kind words, kind acts and warm handshakes—those are the secondary means of grace when men are in trouble and are fighting their unseen battles.

What do you suppose angels think of a mother who is more anxious about the shape of her hat than she is about whether her children's souls are saved or not?

Marie: "Why, how tight you wear your corsets! I never could enjoy anything I ate if I wore mine as tight as you do."
Myrtylla: "Grace before meat, you know."

A Kansas woman applied for an injunction to prevent her lover from marrying another woman. Her lawyers held that she was entitled to it, as the defendant promised to marry her.

Old girl, reading in newspaper an account of a new invention: "No more missing shirt-buttons! What will they invent next? Why, here's another inducement for the men not to marry!"

Clara, after a tiff: "I presume you would like your ring back."
George: "Never mind; keep it. No other girl I know could use that ring unless she wore it on her thumb."

Miss Sere: "Mr. Oldbache, why don't you take some nice girl to accompany you on the ocean of life?"
Mr. Oldbache: "I would, if I were sure the ocean would be Pacific."

An ounce of the tincture of benzoin added to half a pint of distilled water makes an excellent wash for keeping the skin soft and free from chapping. Apply at night and morning, and after every ablution.

This story is told at the expense of the Empress of Austria, in connection with royal photographs. Permission to be granted a sitting by her Majesty was always refused, till one up-to-date photographer issued to the trade a counterfeit presentment, which was so unlike as to be almost a caricature. The royal vanity was touched, and thenceforth appeared more pleasing and much more truthful portraits of the Empress.

Some time ago a man at Buffalo brought suit for divorce against his wife. While the case was pending before a referee the man was killed on the railroad, and a few days ago the divorce was declared in favor of the petitioner, notwithstanding he was dead. On the decision whether a divorce could be granted a dead man depended the woman's right to his insurance, pension as a soldier and such other property as he was possessed of.

A curious fashion has been set by the betrothal of the Grand Duke Alexander Michaelovitch to the eldest daughter of the Czar. Count Sherenvetieff, it is related, took a peculiar kind of double mandarin orange, which contains two complete oranges under one skin, as a present to the Princess just before the parental consent had been given to the wedding. Since then the Princess has declared it to be a lucky orange, and it has become a fashionable present.

At a recent marriage the following good advice was given to the bride and her husband: "Never talk at, but to each other. Never both maintain anger at the same time. Never speak loud or boisterously to each other. Never reproach each other in presence of others. Never find fault or fret about what cannot be helped. Never repeat an order or request when understood. Never make a remark at the other's expense. Neglect everybody else rather than each other."

A recent report from China tells of a Foo Chow magistrate who has just rendered a peculiar decision. A woman named Hingwa sold her 13 year-old daughter to a Foo Chow man for $100. The girl ran away and returned to her mother, who sold her again to another purchaser for $60. The first purchaser laid the case before the magistrate, who ordered the arrest of the girl's mother, but the woman hanged herself before the order had been executed. The magistrate decided that if the second purchaser wished to keep the girl he would have to pay $20 for the mother's funeral expenses and $40 compensation to the first purchaser.

Masculinities.

Time, tide and an heiress wait for no man.

Every man makes a good husband for a while.

The man who never praises his wife deserves to have a poor one.

He: "I am growing a moustache."
She: "So some one told me."

Mrs. Newman, of London, is said to be the only woman jeweler of importance in the world.

One of the hardest lessons to learn is that we are made out of the same kind of clay as other people.

When a man is locked up for being full, it seems proper that his friends should want to bail him out.

A saloon keeper in Wheeling, W. Va., gives away a ferry ticket with every drink. He is building up a great trade.

The barber surgeons' guild in England was formed in 1308. The two professions were practiced together until 1745.

A room is ventilated best by opening the upper sash of a window, because the hottest air is always near the ceiling.

The British Parliament has passed a special act introducing manual training into all the common schools of the kingdom.

A young Italian nobleman of ancient lineage, who had been studying for the church, has adopted the profession of a bull-fighter.

In Lisbon a statue is to be erected to the memory of Miss Paltstrello, who formerly lived there, and who, in 1470, became the wife of Christopher Columbus.

Sobbing wife: "Three years ago you swore eternal love, and—"
Brutal husband: "How long do you expect eternal love to last, anyway?"

A boy in Emporia, Kansas, answered an advertisement promising to send a receipt to cure excessive blushing for $1. The receipt read: Simply avoid that kind of girls.

Lord Percy Douglass, son of the Marquis of Queensberry, has been varying the monotony of picking up gold nuggets in Australia by acting as referee at prize fights.

Two young men of Hartford City, Indiana, who were both in love with the same girl, had a fight the other day to determine which should have the right of calling on her.

At a smoking contest in Berlin a short time ago, Herr Knoff, by smoking continuously for two hours 10 cigars, his nearest competitor getting away with but 7½, was declared the winner.

A man, whose corpulent appearance attracted the attention of an officer, was arrested in Chicago some few days ago. When searched he was found to be wearing 10 suits of clothes, which he had stolen.

"Aunt" Rhoda Stearns celebrated her 101st birthday at Highgate Centre, Vermont, a few days ago. Despite her great age, Mrs. Stearns rises at 4 o'clock every morning and builds a fire in an old-fashioned box stove.

A Chinaman asked to be registered at Yuma, the other day, under the name of Charles Allen. The officer refused because it wasn't a Chinese name. He explained that he got the name by marrying a white woman.

Mr. and Mrs. Riley, of Cincinnati, found their daughter, who had been missing for over 20 years, a few days ago. The girl was living but five doors from where the Rileys reside when her identity was discovered.

In descent the Duchess of York is nearer King George III. than her husband. Her mother is daughter to the Duke of Cambridge, who was brother to the Queen's father. So Princess May is King George's great granddaughter, while the Duke of York is his great-great grandson.

A curious feature of Japanese journalism is that every important paper is said to have a "prison editor." Japanese journalists are so constantly being fined and sent to prison that the sole occupation of the individual is to go to jail when called upon. He draws his full salary only while in durance vile.

While Martin Larson was digging a cellar on his farm near Earles, Yates county, N. Y., the other day, he claims to have unearthed the skeleton of a man who must have been nearly 7 feet high. Further digging showed that Larson had invaded an Indian cemetery, unearthing a mine of aboriginal relics.

A Polk county, Ga., man loaned a neighbor a jug of whisky. Recently he asked for a return of the liquor, and on being refused demanded its value in money. On this the neighbor had the man arrested for offering to sell whisky. As Polk county is a "dry" section, the man was found guilty and a heavy fine imposed on him.

From Scotland comes the story of a gentleman who had to dismiss his gardener for dishonesty. For the sake of the man's wife and family, however, he gave him a "character," framing it in this wise: "I hereby certify that A. R. has been my gardener for over two years, and that during that time he has got more out of my garden than any man I ever employed."

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

The newest sleeves for evening wear are either formed of two puffs, one overlapping and the other caught up on the outside of the arm to form a bow, or are made of a series of frills, one over the other.

The "complexion veil" is a novelty of pale pink Russian net sprinkled with black spots and delicately perfumed. It is very becoming to pale blondes, yet there is nothing so pretty as the regulation black dotted net.

Some of the latest bonnets have immensely wide strings edged with lace, which form a scarf under the chin.

One of the whims of fashion is to wear a black moire ribbon, an inch wide and a yard and a quarter long, around the neck, and fastened with a gold slide. To this is attached a tiny watch or a fancy little gold bottle filled with a favorite perfume.

One of Worth's fancies is the use of foulard silk with a white ground and colored figures in combination with black crepon.

Among the new laces are those that are worked over the pattern with gold thread; others studded with jet and embroidered with colored silks and heavy laces, such as English silk guipure patterns of point deigene and Russian arabesque. These are used as flat borderings, and on waists for collars, berthas and vests. Lemon is the latest color in lace.

With the revival of checks comes the old-fashioned Louisine silks so durable and soft for summer dresses.

Wide ribbed pique is one of the fabrics for cotton gowns. They come in pale colors, as well as white, and are made up by Paris dressmakers in very fanciful styles, trimmed very elaborately with lace and ribbon.

Miroir moire antique is perhaps the most beautiful silk for evening wear. It is delicate in coloring, and has a rich sheen which shows to advantage in the gaslight. Shot silks are much prettier than they were last year, and quite as popular.

A new and beautiful material for trimming dresses is satin muslin. The surface is glossy like satin, and the texture is light and almost as transparent as India muslin.

The most fashionable ribbons are moire antique, with a satin stripe down the centre, and plain moire ribbons spangled with jet sequins in wavy lines.

Hats and bonnets continue to be eccentric in shape and coloring, yet these bizarre creations are nearly all becoming when on the head. A black straw hat has a pink straw crown, trimmed with a bow of watered ribbon and a spray of pink roses. Another effective hat is straw, threaded with ribbons; and yet another beauty has a crown of watered silk, trimmed with green ribbons and jet, and a large bunch of black mignonette at one side. A new shape in brown straw goffered edge, is simply trimmed with ribbon and a jet butterfly with outspreading wings in the front. A Puritan bonnet of white lace, studded with sequins, has a watered bow at the back, and a black straw bonnet, outlined with jet, is charmingly trimmed with a button of white violets.

A dark green chip is trimmed with high loops and butterfly bows of shaded satin ribbon of a rich peach color. Peach blossoms are set in bunches on the right side and at the back.

A toque of fancy straw has a decoration of lilies of the valley and loops of Nile green satin ribbon.

A jet shape is composed of a double Alsatian bow of white lace centered by watered ribbon in a rosette.

A black chip is trimmed with black gauze, worked with straw and forming a wide Alsatian bow, with wings of the gauze above it and two aigrettes.

A white straw bonnet has a border of white and gold crystals, and fans of lace below gold thread wings.

One of the small toques to the base or cup shape is trimmed with violets and small pen feathers above a border of ribbon puffing.

A sailor shape in coarse straw has a chou or cabbage top in white mull centered by a jet ornament. The front of the brim displays two pen feathers.

In Paris, new petticoats of satin or silk are made with feather-bone hoops which reach quite to the knees. Tiny aluminum wires are inserted in the facings of round-skirted walking dresses to give them the approved flare. This, to some of the more timid, looks very like the return of the crinoline, or, worse yet, hoops.

A new reversible shot silk shows a mauve ground with a pale green spot on one side, and on the other a violet spot. Velvet novelties show colored spots on one side, and show up well when combined with black satin. Cross stripes of black or colored velvet are to be used for entire costumes, with accessories of watered silk or plain satin.

One of the new colors is a tawny orange with a dash of red in it, and goes by the name of "Chrysanthemum." There will be a great run on all the tobacco and snuff-colored shades, and the redder and more orange tinted the brown the more fashionable. Heliotrope and some new greens and blues are finding favor in the spring goods.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Calf's Liver and Bacon.—Take 2½ pounds of calf's liver, soak the liver in cold water for half an hour, then wipe it dry and cut it in thin, narrow slices. Take about a pound of bacon, or as much as you require, and cut it into an equal number of thin slices; fry lightly, take out and keep hot. Fry the liver in the same pan, seasoning it with pepper and salt and dredging it with a little flour. When it is a nice brown arrange it around the dish, with a roll of bacon between each slice. Pour off the fat from the pan, put in about two ounces of butter and a tablespoonful of flour. When smooth and brown add a cupful of hot water, boil it, add the piece of one lemon, and pour it into the centre of the dish.

Apple Pie.—Peel, halve and core about ten good-sized Greenings. Put into a saucepan three cupfuls of white sugar, the juice and grated peel of one lemon, a little mace, and a large cupful of water. Let this boil up; then lay in the apples carefully and let them simmer until render and clear. Lift them out on a dish with a spoon, keeping them as whole as possible. Let the syrup boil away until there is only enough juice left for the pies; line the plate with a good crust, and lay in the apples carefully. Add a glass of wine to the syrup, put a double edge of puff paste around the rim of the plate, turn in the syrup and brush over the apple and paste with the white of an egg, and sift a little fine sugar over it. Bake it until the crust is done.

Waffles.—One and a half pints of milk, four eggs, half a cup of melted butter, one quart of flour, four heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Mix thoroughly the flour, baking powder and a teaspoonful of salt, then add the eggs, well beaten, milk and butter. Bake in waffle irons.

A good way to amuse a sick child who cannot sit up or entertain itself in ways ordinarily dear to the infantile soul is to arrange a mirror on an easel in such a way as to reflect the objects to be seen from the window. If no easel is procurable an upright stick fastened to the back of a chair will answer the purpose, and the mirror can be tilted at various angles and moved backward and forward to bring different portions of the outdoor scene into view. If the child is too weary to care for the moving panorama of the street the glass can be made to reflect the restful blue of the sky or the billowy cumulus clouds, which will generally have a soothing effect and make tired eyelids droop and tired little bodies relax into health-giving slumber.

When dampening clothes for ironing use water as hot as the hand can bear; sprinkle the linen, fold smoothly, roll up tight, and they will iron much easier. The hot water penetrates more readily, and it is not necessary to dampen so much as when using cold water. A clean whisk broom, kept for this purpose only, forms a handy implement for sprinkling.

When you are heated don't bathe the face in cold water. After a journey, give the face a hot bath, which will remove the dirt and coal dust which has permeated the skin; then rinse in cool, not cold, water. At night, before retiring, bathe the face in hot water, then in cool, and wipe dry with a soft towel.

Neufchatel cheese is delicious for spreading a brown bread sandwich. Cut the bread thin, use very little butter, then spread with the cheese. Dip some water cresses in a French salad dressing, drain a moment, and inclose them between the slices of bread.

A cooling, wholesome drink is made by mixing two tablespoonfuls of pearl barley with a quarter of a pound of lump sugar. Pour on it rather more than two quarts of boiling water. Add the peel of a fresh lemon. Let it stand all night, then strain, and it is ready for use.

When the piece de resistance is chicken, don't ask a guest if he prefers white or dark meat; serve a portion of both. With roast it is customary to find out if he likes the beef rare or well done.

If it is necessary to bathe in hard water, add a few drops of ammonia, or prepare powdered borax in hot water and pour in a little. The borax can be kept bottled for use.

The most delicate way to boil an egg is to pour boiling water over it, and allow it to remain, without boiling, for ten minutes. It will be found to be perfectly cooked.

To Cure Feathers.—Put them in a bag and expose them to the air for several weeks; but do not let the sun shine on them.

WINGLESS BIRDS.

JUST as Australia is peculiar for its remarkable marsupial fauna and gigantic fossil kangaroos, so is New Zealand for its peculiar wingless birds, living and extinct. Of these wingless forms there are not many known, but those that we are acquainted with are of great interest.

Were it not for man's presence upon the earth, there is little doubt that we should have many more of these apterous birds, for history and tradition clearly show that several of them have been exterminated by man and by the introduction of his domestic animals.

The Ratitæ, the group to which most of the living wingless birds belong, are found in Africa, where the representative is the ostrich, the largest of all the living aves, attaining sometimes the height of eight feet; in America, where the rheas are found extending into Patagonia and Peru; in Australia by the emu; in New Guinea and Moluccan Islands by the cassowary; and in New Zealand by the curious wingless apteryx or kiwi-kiwi of the Maoris.

The African ostriches are the most important to us financially, for from these birds the much-sought-after ostrich feathers are obtained.

Strictly speaking, none of the living Ratitæ are wingless birds, for all possess a small and rudimentary pair of wings, although they are too small to be used as organs of flight. The ostriches run with extraordinary speed, and can give the fastest horse some trouble in pursuing them.

The male ostrich is like a Mormon, fond of many wives! These polygamous birds generally keep togther in small flocks, and lay their eggs, sometimes three pounds in weight, in holes scratched in the sand. It is generally supposed that they are then left, and are hatched by the heat of the sun—a fallacious notion, for the parents look after them, like all other birds; according to Mr. Sclater, the male alone does this, but authorities seem to disagree.

The ostriches of America are quite distinct from those of Africa, and have a feathery head instead of a naked one. These rheas are also polygamous, and inhabit the great plains of South America, and are especially abundant along the La Plata.

Our next wingless form, the emu, comes from Australia. We shall find that all the living representatives of this remarkable group of birds in this part of the globe are clothed with feathers that are scarcely distinguishable from ordinary hair. The emu, is not unlike the ostrich in size, form, and habits; but there is one important difference that the hunter soon finds out, and that is, that the emu can kick with more deadly effect than the ostrich. The latter bird kicks forward, as we do; but the emu kicks backwards and sideways, like a cow. Little chance of escape has the unlucky hunter or hound that approaches near the back of this bird before it is tired out.

The flesh of the emu is very good, and for this reason they are hunted and destroyed. So great has been the destruction, that fears are entertained that it may soon be numbered with the other extinct wingless form that man has largely to account for.

From New Guinea, Moluccas, Malay Archipelago and North Australia, another genus of struthious birds has been found—namely, the cassowary; not that notorious creature that "ate the missionary on the plains of Timbuctoo," for the true cassowary is only found in Oceania and the Malay Archipelago.

Although the wingless birds just mentioned attract much attention, there is nothing particularly striking in them, unless it be their remarkable grandeur; but when we come to the wingless forms of New Zealand, we cannot help being surprised at their extraordinary appearance. Australia is often called the "Fossil Continent," and rightly too, for its mammals, fish, and plants carry our minds back to long past ages; and we can say the same of New Zealand, if we look at the wingless apteryx. The kiwi—as the Maoris call this wingless creature—reminds us of no living bir , but calls to our recollection the birds which may have left those footprints on the sandy flats of Triassic times.

These weird-looking kiwis vary in size from that of a fowl to that of a turkey. There is scarcely a trace of wings; the whole head and body is clothed with long hair-like gray and chestnut-brown feathers.

The thick, tough skin is much valued by the Maori chiefs; and to their continual hunts after them is due the rapid disappearance of these remarkable birds. They have survived so long chiefly on account of their nocturnal habits. The natives hunt them by torchlight, when they come out at night to feed upon the insects and worms.

Four species seem to be known; but all are rapidly becoming scarce, and, as Wallace rightly says, "they will no doubt gradually extinct." Not so many years ago, the apteryx was thought by many scientific men to be a fabulous bird.

HOW SHE ATTRACTED NOTICE.

The owner of a large retail store gave a holiday to all his employes. Cashiers, foremen, salesmen and women, cash boys and porters, all were invited to spend the day on the grounds of the country seat owned by their employer.

Tents were erected, a bountiful dinner and supper were provided, a band was stationed in the grove, and special trains were chartered to carry the guests to the country and home again.

Nothing else was talked of for weeks before the happy day. The saleswomen, most of whom were young, anxiously planned their dresses, and bought cheap and pretty muslins, which they made up in the evening, that they might look fresh and gay. Even the cash boys bought new cravats and hats for the occasion.

There was one girl, whom we shall call Jane, who could not indulge herself in any pretty bit of finery.

She was the only child of a widowed mother who was paralyzed.

Jane was quick and industrious, but she had been but a few months in the store, and her wages barely kept her and her mother from want.

"What shall you wear?" said the girl who stood next her behind the counter. "I bought such a lovely blue lawn."

"I have nothing but this," said Jane, glancing down at her rusty black merino.

"But that is a winter dress! You will melt, child! There will be dancing and boating and croquet. You must have a summer gown, or else don't go."

Girls of fifteen like pretty gowns.

Jane said nothing for a few minutes.

"I shall wear this," she said, firmly; "and I think I will go. Mother wishes it."

"But you can't dance or play croquet in that dress."

"It is always fun to see other people have fun," said Jane, bravely.

The day came, bright and hot, and Jane went in her heavy, well-darned dress. She gave up all idea of fun for herself, and set to work to help the others find it.

In the train she busied herself in finding seats for the little girls helping the servants with the baskets of provisions. On the grounds she started games for the children, ran to lay the table, brought water to the old ladies, was ready to pin up torn gowns, or to applaud a "good ball." She laughed, and was happy and friendly all the time. She did not dance nor play, but she was surrounded by a cheerful, merry group wherever she went.

On the way home to town the employer, who was a shrewd business man, beckoned to his superintendent.

"There is one girl here whose friendly, polite manner is very remarkable. She will be valuable to me as a saleswoman. Give her a good position. That young woman in black," and he pointed her out.

The next day Jane was promoted into one of the most important departments, and since that time her success has been steady.

The good nature and kindness of heart which enabled her to "find fun in seeing others have fun" was the best capital for her in her business. She had the courage, too, to disregard poverty and to make the best of life, a courage which rarely fails to meet its reward.

ENCOURAGEMENT.—There will always be enough in the events which befall us to relax the spring of our resolutions, and to moderate our best aims. Why should we enervate one another by silence when we should praise, by shaking of the head when we should be patting on the shoulder, by gloomy vaticinations when we should incite to enterprise, by platitudinizing about the vanity of all things human when we should be stimulating generous and noble motives? There is not too great an exuberance of life in any of us, albeit where there is most, it may be ill-regulated or unwisely directed—and the influence which systematically lowers the action of life can only be mischievous. Brightness is health-giving as well as pleasant, and whatever imparts an impulse to the current of hope and gladness in our souls tends to make them more like, or more likely to become, what they should be.

Do you want to laugh? get that inimitable book "Samantha at Saratoga" and you can't help laughing. In that book "Josiah Allen's Wife," in a vein of strong common sense, yet pure and innocent as a child, keeps the reader crammed with the sharpest hits and funniest observations spiced with stinging sarcasm and flavored with sound moral lessons, as she takes off, in her inimitable, mirth-provoking style, the Follies, Flirtations, Pug Dogs, Low-Neck Dressing, Water Craze, Josiah's Perversities, Tobogganing, Roller-Skating, and a thousand other curious things that one of her keen sense of the humorous discovers in That World of Gayety at Saratoga. It is indeed the funniest book yet. See offer on another page.

Recent Book Issues.

"For Love of Gold," by Marie Walsh, is a novel of English and French life, full of spirit and decidedly sensational incident. Published by the Mascot Publishing Co., New York.

Volume Five of Bancroft's great "Book of the Fair" is published, and fully carries out in its beautiful pictures, fine text and elegant appearance generally the promise of the previous. It ranks among the most valuable and interesting souvenirs of the Exposition. Published at Chicago.

"German for Americans" is a practical guide, in this language, for self-instruction and for colleges and schools, that can be highly commended. It contains pronunciation, grammar, table of classification of irregular verbs, exercises, dialogues, vocabulary, German and English proverbs, rules to determine the gender of nouns, etc., etc. The auth r is Dr. Jacob Mayer, a very successful teacher. Nicely printed and bound. For sale by Ig. Kohler, 911 Arch St., Phila.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

"Cassell's Family Magazine" for May is a most excellent number. The two illustrated serial stories maintain their strong interest, and there are three short stories, all of unusual interest and all illustrated. "An Aldershot Mystery" and "Sir Grey's Room" are of rather an exciting character, and "Phyllis is my only Joy" is a very charming love story. The miscellaneous articles present a good variety, and the other matter all goes towards making this a welcome family visitor. Published at New York.

The complete novel in the May number of Lippincott's is "The Autobiography of a Professional Beauty," by Elizabeth Phippa Train. "Her Concert," by Dorothy E. Nelson, records a pathetic incident in the life of a reduced gentlewoman. In "The Young Ravens that call upon Him," Professor Charles G. D. Roberts gives a strong and careful sketch of wild life. The other articles and miscellany is all good. The poetry of the number is by Kate Jordan, Florence Earle Coates, Mrs. Bloomfield Moore, Harrison S. Morris and Walter Rogers Furness. Published in this city.

The May "St. Nicholas" comes with a blooming frontispiece to remind its readers of the present, and then plunges them into the past by beginning with Molly Elliot Seawell's patriotic serial, "Decatur and Somers." Young musicians learn, from the article by Mrs. H. S. Conant, how many queer disguises "Ancient Musical Instruments" may assume. Mr. Horaday continues the series of Natural History papers, describing "A Few of Our Fur Bearers." As to the Brownies, they visit New York State. Brander Matthews tells the life of Washington Irving. The other contents are of a like excellent character. Published at New York.

In his paper in "The Popular Science Monthly" for May, in his valuable Warfare of Science chapters, Dr. Andrew D. White continues the subject of "From Creation to Evolution." An instructive and exceedingly interesting article is contributed to this number by Prof. E. P. Evans on "Religious Belief as a Basis of Moral Obligations." In a finely illustrated article on "The Guests of the Mayflower," Prof. Clarence M. Weed describes in a charming way our favorite early New England flower and the varieties of bees that visit it for sweet storing purposes, and in another profusely illustrated article Robert F. Walsh has a valuable article on "Economic Uses of Non-Edible Fish," showing what an important source of national wealth is the non-edible fish industry of the Atlantic coast. Published at New York.

THE SECRET OF A CHARMING MANNER.—There are two sorts of fine manners: the one, which expresses an easy sense of fitness for every company—lofty, a shade supercilious, but really good—and only serviceable to the owner; the other of a cast which confers benefit on others, and which must proceed from deeper and kindlier sources than self-appreciation, self-respect, and the habit of good company; one which, if it does not imply a more excellent nature than common, shows a nature the best qualities of which are now within our reach—a gift to society—the manner which conveys to us the idea that we are worth pleasing, that we have inspired an interest, and wakened sympathy. We rise in our own opinion in such a presence; we feel ourselves appreciated, our powers are quickened; we are at ease, and show ourselves at our best. What is it that makes some women so charming—some men so pleasant? what quality that diffuses an aroma, an influence as of roseleaves about them; that manifests itself in hands that receive us with graceful warmth, in eyes that beam with kindly pleasure, in smiles so genuine, so tender; in the general radiance of reception? What a benignant sunshine of welcome! how soothing to be cared for! how easily the time passes! And what constitutes this charm? for we are not supposing it to arise from any deep moral or intellectual superiority, which, truth to say, does not often exhibit itself in this way. Surely it is a natural sweetness, an inherent tenderness of sympathy—pervading rather than deep—acting upon a desire to please.

THE DOG DOCTOR'S SECRET.—Good food, dainties, and want of exercise are the destruction of parlor dogs. They become fat with increasing age, and contract various diseases. At last the day comes when a dose of prussic acid must finish the business, or that medical practitioners must be called in who will by a severe regimen restore the dog's health and appetite. An ex-kennel man in our neighborhood made a very comfortable income by this peculiar line of practice. He divulged the secret of his system a few days before his dissolution to the estimable clergyman of the parish. "I always tied 'em," said this canine Abernethy, "to a crab-tree at the end of my garden for a week, and gave 'em nothing but water. When I fetched 'em from their mistresses they refused to eat what I should have been glad to get, and when they went back they would eat what I couldn't have touched. I've had some dogs twice or three times a year, but I always cured 'em at last. One of them was as good as three pounds a year to me. I was terribly fond of him, but he never took to me; and when he saw me coming for him to bring down his fat, he would waddle away, and howl enough to wake the dead. Dogs haven't got no gratitude."

THE SHELL ON THE SHORE.—I had turned over the wet pebbles and the damp weeds, and sought with naked feet amongst the waves for some bright shell or colored stone to carry home, but I could find none. Tired out, I sat down on a pile of stones to rest, and to watch the waves unroll themselves on the waiting sands. I heeded not the tide, but let it go and come without notice. After a longer interval than I dare tell, considering I was without boots or stockings, and my coat damp with the spray of the last tide, I woke up from my dreaming and renewed my search for a prize, and sure enough there was a shell glistening and gleaming, colored like sunlit crystal, just dropped from the white fingers of some darling wave. I did not hurry to possess myself of it, but sat admiring. It was mine; I was sure I could reach it at any moment with my stick; and who was near on this lonely beach to pick it up ere I could get it? Splash—splash, and up rolled a huge wave, hissing and hurrying, rattling the stones, wetting my feet—and the shell, where is it? I looked round, I followed the receding water; dripping sea-grass and creamy clots of froth only remained to meet me; the shell—the beautiful shell was gone. Old Neptune had altered his mind and got back his pearl. A little loss this, but uttering a lofty lesson, never to lose an opportunity of taking every gift of mercy or usefulness the tide of time may bring us; if unused—neglected—the wave that brought it will soon take it away.

THERE is a story of an Imperial Highness waltzing thrice in the same evening with an English lady at the Court of Berlin. She naturally felt and frankly expressed herself highly flattered by the compliment. "I did not intend it as a compliment," was the answer. "Then," said the lady, somewhat rebuffed, "your Highness must be very fond of dancing." "I detest dancing," was the still unsatisfactory response. Undeterred by her ill-success, the fair Englishwoman still prosecuted her inquiries. "What, then, may I ask, can be your Imperial Highness' motive for dancing?" "Madam," was the exalted personage's curt reply, "I dance to perspire!"

CYCLING IN RUSSIA.—The bicycle is but little encouraged in St. Petersburg. Wheelmen there are restricted to the use of certain streets, which are for the most part so wretchedly paved as to make riding through them almost impossible. No person under the age of eighteen may enjoy the privilege of cycling, and no very high machines are allowed in the streets. Another order provides that after dark no cycles of any sort shall be permitted.

MISS ALICE WOODWARD, of Shelton, Conn., who hiccoughed herself to the point of death, despite physicians' efforts, is now out of danger. In consequence of the circulation given the case, remedies were sent from all parts of the country. Many were tried, and that suggested by Frank W. Mack, of the "Associated Press," New York, was effective. The remedy is "nitrate of amyl," a few drops to be inhaled from a handkerchief.

SAID Paddleford to his wife, on the way back from the museum, "I am firmly convinced that women have an innate, natural, constitutional love of the horrible." "Good thing for you!" she retorted, "or you might have been a bachelor to your dying day."

JOSIAH.

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(MARIETTA HOLLEY.)

The book was written under the inspiration of a summer season 'mid the world of fashion at Saratoga, the proudest pleasure resort of America, where Princes of the old world, with Congressmen, Presidents, Millionaires, Railroad Kings, and Princes of Commerce of our own great nation with their wives, their beautiful daughters, and all the gayest butterflies of fashion luxuriate in balmy breezes, display their personal charms, costly jewels, exquisite equipages, and revel in

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An Ever Fresh Feast of Fun.

It takes off follies, flirtations, low-necked dressing, dudes, pug dogs, tobogganing, etc., in the author's inimitable and mirth-provoking style.

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Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know as much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys.

It must be understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs without ever having opened a music book.

By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. Postage stamps, 2's, taken. For Ten Cents extra a music book containing the words and music for 20 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address—

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WIDOWS of such soldiers and sailors are entitled (if not remarried) whether soldier's death was due to army service or not, if now dependent upon their own labor for support. Widows not dependent upon their own labor are entitled if the soldier's death was due to service.

CHILDREN are entitled (if under sixteen years) in almost all cases where there was no widow, or she has since died or remarried.

PARENTS are entitled if soldier left neither widow nor child, provided soldier died in service, or from effects of service, and they are now dependent upon their own labor for support. It makes no difference whether soldier served or died in late war or in regular army or navy.

Soldiers of the late war, pensioned under one law, may apply for higher rates under other laws, without losing any rights.

Thousands of soldiers drawing from $2 to $10 per month under the old law are entitled to higher rates under new law, not only on account of disabilities for which now pensioned, but also for others, whether due to service or not.

Soldiers and sailors disabled in line of duty in regular army or navy since the war are also entitled, whether discharged for disability or not.

Survivors, and their widows, of the Black Hawk, Creek, Cherokee and Seminole or Florida Indian Wars of 1832 to 1842, are entitled under a recent act.

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Old claims completed and settlement obtained, whether pension has been granted under later laws or not.

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Certificates of service and discharge obtained for soldiers and sailors of the late war who have lost their original papers.

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Humorous.

HIS WISHES.

"My little man, come tell me,
If you could by some magic be
To the unknown fairyland transplanted,
Where boys may have their wishes granted,
What would your wishes be?

"I'd wish"—he sidewise cocked his head,
Pondered and paused, and then he said:
"I wish I had two brothers—
One great big one, and one I could lick;
That nothin' never'd make me sick,
And eight or nine grandmothers."
—U. N. Nonx.

The reason we admire pretty feet—Because all's well that ends well.

Nell: "Why did you get married?" Belle: "Because I was tired of being in love."

Why are a pin and a poker like a blind man?—Because they have a head and no eyes.

When a young lady offers to hem a cambric handkerchief for a rich bachelor, she means to sow in order that she may reap.

A gentleman, in lecturing for a Blind Asylum, began by gravely remarking: "If all the world were blind, what a melancholy sight it would be!"

"'Tain't me, I guess," said little Joe, as he gazed at his photograph.
"Why not?" asked his grandmother.
"It's standing still too long to be me," said Joe.

One little fellow, on being asked if he was not sorry that the school term was over, promptly responded: "No, sir; I'm glad, for I just want to go to some place where I can holler! I'm tired of keeping still."

Young husband: "What? You are twenty-five years old to-day? Why, you told me a year ago, just before the wedding, that you were only twenty." Young wife, wearily: "I have aged rapidly since I married."

A Western editor, writing of a contemporary, says: "His intellect is so dense that it would take the augur of common sense longer to bore into it than it would to bore into the Rockies with a boiled carrot."

"There's grounds for a strike," said the agitator.
"Where?" asked a workman.
"In the clock factory. A young fellow just told me that some of the hands there work 24 hours a day."

"You are looking bad, Bromley." "Yes. Been up every night for a week with the baby." "You wished him at the bottom of the Dead Sea many a time, I suspect?" "Why, no. I ain't so brutal as that. But I was very thankful he wasn't twins."

Johnny: "What made you run away from Bill Simpson? You was afraid of him, that's what's the matter."
Tommy: "No, I wasn't, neither! If we'd fought, I'd a licked him, and then my ma'd a licked me. That's why I ran away for so!"

Judge, to prisoner: "So you were drunk and disorderly. What have you to say?" Prisoner: "I've a good deal to say, your honor, if you'll only give me time to say it." Judge: "Certainly; with pleasure. Sixty days will be enough, won't it? Our object is to please."

William Ann: "I want you to come and take that burglar-alarm right out of my house."
Electrician: "Doesn't it work?"
William Ann: "Work! It has scared a burglar to death, and his widow has sued me for damages."

"It's hard luck," said the waiter, "but I guess we'll have to stand the expense of a new steak."
"What do you mean?"
"The dime museum strong man was just here, and he kept at it till he succeeded in cutting a hole in it."

"I wish I could prevail on neighbor Binder to keep the Sabbath," said good old Mr. Jones. "I tell you how to do it," exclaimed young Smith—"get somebody to lend it to him, and I'll be bound that he'll keep it. He has never yet known to return anything that he borrowed."

A fop, strutting about a tavern, took up a pair of green spectacles which lay on the table, put them on his nose, and turning to the looking-glass, said, "Landlord, how do these become me? Don't you think they improve my looks?" "I think they do," replied the landlord; "they hide a part of your face."

Rev. Dr. Lastly: "Well, my son, what have you done to-day?"
Young Lastly: "I saved a man from a drunkard's grave."
"Indeed! Tell me about it."
"Well, he was very drunk, and he said if he didn't get a drink he'd die. I gave him a dime."

Scene one—school-room. Small boy, as the rattan falls gently on his hand: "Wow, wow, o-o-ough! I'm killed. Boo-hoo! Me hands are tender, teacher! Boo-oo ooh!"
Scene two—a field. Same small boy, same day: "Soak der ball in harder, Chimmy! Why doncher put some speed inter it? Let her go! It don't hurt me hands a bit!"

GARRICK AND THE DOG.—A story is narrated of Garrick, when acting the mad scene in the tragedy of "Lear." In the days of Garrick wigs were worn by everybody, and a portly butcher, owning one of those hirsute appendages, and a very large mastiff, had managed to squeeze into the theatre with both, and to get a front seat in the pit, close to the box at the side of the orchestra; the theatre was crammed to the ceiling, and the weather intensely warm, and the butcher was inconvenienced sadly by his wig, of which he relieved his head, but was for some time puzzled as to its further disposition. He, however, caught sight of Dog Tray, crouched close to the wall, and looking at the master with savage benignity, whereupon up went the wig on the dog's head, who took it as kindly as if he had been a newly-called barrister. While, however, the whole house was transfixed with the sublimity of Garrick's impersonation of the maniac king addressing imaginary beings, amid storm and darkness, on a wide and desolate heath, Tray suddenly rose on his legs, and unseen by his master, put his fore paws on the orchestra rail, and from beneath his wig surveyed Garrick with the utmost gravity. Garrick had just come to the passage as he caught the dog's eye, "I will talk a word with this same learned Theban. What is your study?" He managed to utter the sentence with due gravity, but found it impossible to maintain it, and fascinated by the dog's steady gaze, burst into a fit of laughter of the most uproarious character. The audience took this as a new reading, and the house rang with applause. The actors on the stage surveyed Garrick and each other with amazement, which was heightened by the prolonga ion of the peals of laughter and delirious pointing of the fingers towards the pit. At length they perceived the cause of the interruption, all the performers joined in the laughter, and in pointing to the butcher, who sat with the utmost gravity, believing the whole of the pantomime to be part of the regular performance. After a time the whole house, except the butcher, became aware of the matter, and a gentleman in the orchestra box, by way of putting an end to it, seized the wig, and threw it among the musicians, Tray bounding after it, and sending the musicians flying in all directions. To go on with the scene was out of the question, and the dropping of the curtain became absolutely necessary to the restoration of order.

A PARTTY schoolmistress told a rather amusing story at the boarding house yesterday. She asked one of her classes to put the nouns "boys," "bees" and "bears" into a sentence. The scholars thought intently for a few moments, when one ragged youngster, with a look of victory on his face, raised his hand. "Well, Johnny," said the school teacher, "what is your sentence?" "Boys bees bare when they go in swimmin'." The teacher did not call on any more of her class.

TAXES ON PRODUCE.—Round Lisbon are certain entrances, mostly gateways of the walls. All persons bringing chickens, eggs, butter, or any other produce, into the city for sale are stopped at the gate and required to pay a tax proportionate to the value of their articles. At the railway stations all passengers on suburban, as well as through, trains must have their bags and packages examined and pay for any wares they are bringing into the city.

German Baptist Annual Meeting.

The Annual Meeting of the German Baptist Brethren will be held at Meyersdale, Pa., on the Pittsburg Division of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, commencing May 24th, 1894.

For this occasion the B. & O. R. R. Co. will sell excursion tickets to Meyersdale and return from all stations on its system of lines at rate of one first-class fare for the round trip. From points east of and including Pittsburg and Wheeling the tickets will be sold from May 22nd to 28th inclusive, and will be valid for return passage within thirty days from date of sale.

From points west of Pittsburg and Wheeling the tickets will be sold from May 21st to 26th inclusive, and will be valid for return passage within thirty days from date of sale.

For time of trains, etc., address nearest Agent of the B. & O. R. R. Co or O. P. McCarty, Gen'l Pass. Agent, B. & O. S. W. R'y, St. Louis, Mo.; L. S. Allen, Assistant Gen'l Pass. Agent, B. & O. R. R., Chicago, Ills.; E. D. Smith, Div. Pass. Agent, B. & O. R. R., Pittsburg, Pa., or B. F. Bond, Div. Pass. Agent, B. & O. R. R., Baltimore, Md.; Chas. O. Scull, Gen'l Pass. Agent, B. & O. R. R., Baltimore, Md.

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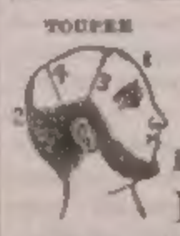
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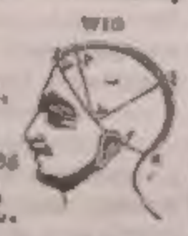
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No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.	No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck, No. 2.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.	No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.	No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

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This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 23, '93. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

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I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.
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I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.
Very respectfully,
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Williamsport Night Exp. (Sleeper).	daily 11.30 P. M.	

FOR NEW YORK.

4.10, 7.20 (two-hour trains), 8.30, 9.45, 11.31 a m, (12.37, p m from 24th and Chestnut streets—Dining car), 1.30, 3.50, 5.15, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut) 8.35, (dining cars, p m. 12.10 night. Sundays—4.10, 5.00, 9.45, 11.31 a m, 3.50 p m, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut, 8.35 (dining car) p m. 12.10 night.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 11.30, a m, 1.30, 5.00, 7.30 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.05, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 2.00, 4.30, 5.20, 6.45, 9.45 p m. Sundays—8.27, 8.05, 9.00 a m, 4.15, 6.45, 9.45 p m.

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.12, 7.40, 11.05 a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 8.15 a m, 5.30 p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.12, 7.40, a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 8.15 a m, 5.30, p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.12 a m, Sunday—Express, 4.00, a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.12, 7.40 a m, 1.40 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 5.30 p m.

For Shamokin—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.12 a m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m.

For Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 11.30 p m, Accom., 4.12 a m. Sunday—Express, 8.05 a m, 11.30 p m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express 9.00 a m, (Saturday only 2.00) 4.00, 5.00 p m. Accom., 8.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accom., 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m. Parlor Cars on all express trains.

Brigantine, week-days, 9.00 a m, 5.00 p m.

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